

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,050

JANUARY 11, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1890

WITH  
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

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THE BURNING OF LAEKEN CASTLE, BRUSSELS, THE RESIDENCE OF KING LEOPOLD



THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT FOREST GATE DISTRICT SCHOOL—THE RELATIVES OF THE VICTIMS AT THE INQUEST



## Topics of the Week

**PORTUGAL AND ENGLAND.**—In our present relations with Portugal we are probably suffering for the extraordinary foreign policy with which Mr. Gladstone's name is associated. If, when he was in office, he had defended English interests vigorously and persistently, it is incredible that the Portuguese would have ventured to act with the effrontery they have lately manifested. The timidity and vacillation he displayed in almost all his dealings with foreign nations, created a widespread impression that England had lost her ancient energy, and that any country might do her an injury without much dread of unpleasant consequences. It is not unlikely that this impression was shared by the Portuguese, and that they are greatly surprised by the resentment evoked by their acts of aggression. More shameful proceedings than those for which they are responsible in the Shire Highlands have not for many a day been heard of. Their claims to that district are altogether shadowy, whereas those of England are based on solid achievements, and, until quite recently, were accepted with every symptom of satisfaction by the Makololo. The raids of Major Serpa Pinto and his followers have naturally raised a doubt in the minds of the natives whether we are as powerful and as trustworthy as we originally seemed to be, and their confidence in us will not be restored until Portugal has been compelled in some way to expiate her offences. For this reason, if for no other, it is absolutely necessary that Lord Salisbury should act with decision and promptitude; and, of course, no one supposes that he will fail in what has now become a plain duty. It is greatly to be deplored that a trouble of this kind should have arisen; but it is not of our making, and we shall soon have plenty more of the same sort on our hands if this one is not properly disposed of. As for the wider claims put forward by Portugal, they may be readily understood by all who will take the trouble to read the masterly letter of Mr. Selous on Portuguese pretensions in Mashonaland. Mr. Selous knows that region thoroughly, and he is able to say with confidence that "British subjects have been the first to explore Mashonaland, and to find out its value," and that on them rests the duty of developing it, and making it "the richest and most prosperous State in the South African Dominion of the future." Portugal is so small and weak a nation that she seems to think she is entitled to do what she pleases without ever being called to account for her actions.

**THE INFLUENZA.**—This disorder has at length effected a lodgment in this country, though at the time of writing it has not become so universally epidemic as in some other regions. Concerning its genesis, little or nothing is scientifically known. As it has come from the East, it may, as an ingenious correspondent suggests, have taken its rise from the mud of the Hoang-ho floods, just as the cholera is said to have originated in the swamps of the Lower Ganges during a season of unusual rain. Should this theory be true, it only shows that the whole world is akin, and that we have a selfish interest in providing the Chinese with competent engineers. In the way of remedies for the influenza the doctors have not much to offer; there has been a great run on quinine and anti-pyrine, but, after all, the odds are that, like other feverish maladies, it must run its specified course. The patients, therefore, are advised to keep warm and quiet in bed till the worst is over. As regards the method by which the disease is transmitted, we are very much in the dark. At the time when Paris was so prostrated that, as was epigrammatically said, one half of the population was administering *tisane* to the other half in bed, there were only a few sporadic cases in London—less than 300 miles distant. On the other hand, the mysterious agency leapt across the Atlantic in seven-league boots, ravaging America at a time when the United Kingdom was almost untouched. Cheery consolers tell us that the influenza is, after all, a trifle. It only kills two out of a hundred of its victims, and the young and strong need not fear it. But how many people there are who are neither young nor strong! Unless, as some Austrian doctor asserts, there are two distinct epidemics prevailing, it is clear that influenza leaves after-effects which kill pretty frequently. Else why the high death-rate recently prevailing in Paris and in other cities? And, in the case of old people, influenza carries off those who might otherwise have survived for several years, as is shown by the lamented death of the Empress Augusta.

**MR. ASQUITH'S APPEAL.**—There is so much fear of giving offence in high quarters among the Gladstonite rank and file, that Mr. Asquith will scarcely be much disappointed if the appeal he has just made to Mr. Gladstone fails to elicit an echo. Not for the first time, the learned member for East Fife supplicates the Hawarden Oracle to make public the outlines of the new Home Rule scheme. Mr. Asquith makes no doubt that his leader has a splendid conception ready to be launched; only Tories and Liberal Dissidents question that. But he thinks that harm will result later on, unless there be an immediate divulgence of its general scope and character. What was the reason of the great Liberal

schism of 1886? Simply and solely, the haughty reticence practised by the leader of the party. Had he taken his colleagues into his confidence from the outset, he would have learnt before it was too late that his Irish proposals would have to be largely modified if Liberal disruption was to be avoided. And might not history repeat itself if he again came into power with a ready-made Home Rule scheme to spring upon his followers? Some of them would probably declare that it either went too far or not far enough; in a word, that it was by no means the plan of pacification which they had in their thoughts when standing for election. An even more weighty objection suggested by Mr. Asquith is that if the next general election be fought on the mere formula of Home Rule, the Unionists would declare, when the concrete scheme was produced, that the national judgment had never been consulted upon it. Mr. Gladstone's argument, that if he were to produce his plan the Unionists would pick it to bits, does not carry much weight. If it was a good plan, and met with public favour by reason of goodness, their picking would not matter; if it was a bad plan, like that of 1886, hostile criticism might possibly bring it into harmony with public opinion, and so hasten the object sought by its author.

**AUSTRIA'S IRELAND.**—The Conference at Vienna between the Czech and German political leaders of Bohemia ought to have a good deal of interest for Englishmen, for, as we have repeatedly pointed out, the circumstances of Bohemia are in some respects remarkably like those of Ireland. There are in Bohemia about three millions of Czechs, and about two millions of Germans; and that, to begin with, is not very different from the proportion between the two great elements of the Irish population. Again, the Germans of Bohemia, like the descendants of English and Scottish settlers in Ireland, are generally richer, more enterprising, and better educated than their fellow-subjects of the rival race; while the Czechs, like the Irish Nationalists, have a vague feeling that the country properly belongs to the majority, and that the powerful minority really consists of interlopers. These contrasts are not, as in Ireland, accentuated by antagonism about religion; but this advantage is counterbalanced by the fact that the Czechs and the Germans speak different languages. For a good many years the Emperor has evidently been greatly puzzled by the Bohemian problem. He sincerely wishes to do what is just, and, acting on the advice of Count Taaffe, he seemed for some time disposed to throw the weight of his influence on the side of the Czechs. Now he is trying hard to induce the leaders of the two nationalities to make mutual concessions, and he is personally so much respected that his efforts may be attended by some degree of success. But the causes of misunderstanding are too deep to be wholly eradicated, and sooner or later either he or his successor will have to choose definitely between the contending parties. The Germans ask only that the use of their language shall not be officially discouraged, and that the Imperial Government shall not establish in Bohemia institutions which would give the Czechs power to tyrannise over them. Even Count Taaffe has an uneasy consciousness that it would not be quite safe to set these demands aside. The Bohemian Germans, if dealt with too roughly by the authorities at Vienna, might begin to think of Berlin as the true political centre of their race; and the example would probably soon be followed by the Teutons of other and more important Austrian Provinces.

**THE CHRISTIANS OF UGANDA.**—Mr. Stanley truly says that the story he tells of the revolution which dethroned Mwanga, the King of Uganda, would have "kindled" Livingstone. Even Haggardian romance pales its ineffectual fires by the side of a narrative showing how the seeds sown by a couple of devoted missionaries have accomplished more than even England would have cared to undertake. Mwanga, who lately ruled over an enormous territory, and boasted that all the kings of the earth were but leather and prunella in comparison, thought so little of the Christian converts in his dominions that he meditated wiping them out for the mere fun of the thing. But the worm turned, and this despised fraction, allying itself with other malcontents, drove forth Mwanga into the wilderness, and elected another king to reign in his stead. Afterwards, however, there was strife among the victors, and the Christians, in their turn, had to depart. None the less is it a most noteworthy incident that they should have made the Cross triumphant, if only for a time, in the realms of heathendom. Missionary enterprise in Africa cannot fail to take great encouragement from this proof that the tenets it implants go much farther than skin deep. That sarcasm used to be levelled at the self-sacrificing men who made Uganda the centre of their religious propaganda. It was affirmed that the natives merely followed Royal fashion; when King Mtesa became a Christian, so did they; but when King Mwanga reverted to Mahomedanism, they were certain, it was predicted, to make the same change. Mr. Stanley's narrative proves that this was not the case; Christians they remained in spite of a most bitter persecution, nor did they rise in rebellion until compelled to do so in self-defence. Canon Taylor will have faith adapted to gain ground in Central Africa. Christianity, it is clear, has quite equal force of propagation when rightly guided.

**IRISH POLITICS AND THE CROWN.**—The handsome buildings of the Dublin Science and Art Museum are nearly completed, and the other day it occurred to some Unionist members of the Dublin Corporation that it would be a good thing to secure, if possible, the presence of the Queen at the opening ceremony. Accordingly a resolution on the subject was submitted to the Corporation, but by an overwhelming majority it was rejected in favour of an amendment referring to "the grievous suffering and wrong which Ireland has to endure at the hands of Her Majesty's Ministers." Those who voted for this amendment have been bitterly condemned by some English newspapers; and it must be admitted that their conduct was anything but gracious. At the same time we think that the Unionist members of the Corporation were ill-advised in the course they adopted, and that generally Irish Unionists should resist the temptation to associate the Crown, even indirectly, with party politics. In England and Scotland the Queen is as popular a Sovereign as any that ever occupied the Throne. She is respected, not only for the admirable way in which she has discharged her Constitutional duties, but for the fine womanly qualities which have enabled her for more than half a century to influence deeply the moral tone of English society. It is only just to remember that she is not so well known in Ireland. We need not now raise the question whether it would have been possible or desirable for Her Majesty to pay frequent visits to that part of her dominions; it is enough to note that circumstances have prevented her from seeing much of the Irish in their own land. The consequence is that they think of the Crown in an abstract way, as something which must, indeed, be taken into account, but not as a power that appeals to their affections. It would be unreasonable to blame them for this, or to ask them to pretend to have warmer feelings than those which they actually cherish. Some day, we may hope, the Irish will be as enthusiastically loyal as the English and the Scotch; but that day has not come yet, and for the present we must be content to take the facts as they are, and to make the best of them.

**PARLIAMENT HILL.**—The tract of ground lying between Highgate and Hampstead which is thus designated, although the hill only forms a portion of the total area, is, as it stands, one of the loveliest spots near London. There is a charming variety of hill and dale, there are bosky glades, there are ponds big enough to figure as miniature lakes; in fact, especially at the north-western extremity, where it abuts on Hampstead Heath, the wayfarer may easily imagine that he is wandering in some fine old ancestral park. It would be a thousand pities if this unique spot should be spoilt, and yet there is considerable danger of this, if the County Council should persist in its intention of driving a broad road, with gas-lamps and kerbstones, right through the centre of this charming retreat, where hitherto Nature has reigned supreme. Miss Octavia Hill, to whose unwearied exertions the rescue of Parliament Hill from the building-fiend is in a great measure due, has already sounded the alarm, and it is to be hoped that during the time which must still elapse before the County Council enters legally into possession of this little paradise, it will deliberate wisely and seriously over the matter. From the pedestrians' and holiday-makers' point of view, for whose enjoyment this oasis has been mainly secured, we are not sure that any roadway, besides the existing Viaduct Road, is needed at all; a few entrance-gates and footpaths would supply all actual needs. But if something must be done for persons in vehicles who simply want a shorter cut than there now is between Hampstead and Highgate, it would be better to take Miss Hill's advice, and, instead of making the road, as contemplated by the County Council, between Well Walk and Merton Lane, which would involve a steep climb, to make a far more level thoroughfare rather lower down, that is from Nassington Road, Hampstead, to St. Alban's Road, Highgate Rise. It would, we repeat, be almost criminal if a public boon, which is largely due to private enterprise and private munificence, should be marred by mistaken notions as to the needs of the community at large.

**SECRET SOCIETIES.**—Had any Roman Catholic ecclesiastic denounced secret societies a few years ago, his action would not have excited the faintest surprise. The Roman Catholic Church has always declared war against all associations bearing that character, whether political, social, or like Freemasonry, philanthropic. Yet now, when the Bishop of Cork puts under ban a certain secret society in that city, countless leading articles draw attention to the matter, as if it were a quite unprecedented proceeding. The organisation which has incurred his displeasure appears, it is true, to be of the most pernicious sort, the rules providing the death-penalty for traitorous members. It is, we believe, an offshoot of the infamous Clan-na-Gael, and many other branches are said to still exist and flourish in Ireland. But the wonder is, not that Bishop O'Callaghan's eloquent lips now open in stern denunciation, but that they did not speak out long ago. The society in question has had a local habitation, if not a definite name, at Cork for several years, and the Roman Catholic clergy of the Diocese cannot have been ignorant of its existence. The question naturally presents itself, therefore, why they remained dumb so long. It is not to be believed for a moment that they were acquainted with its



real nature: they probably regarded it as a sort of unauthorised branch of the National League. But the revelations of the Cronin trial opened their eyes to the methods and morals of the Clan-na-Gael, and set them inquiring as to whether the secret society in their midst was free from such practices. And, having ascertained that its regulations were the same, they communicated with their Bishop, who thereupon pronounced the anathema which has set the world wondering. No doubt other Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in Ireland will adopt similar means to clear their Church from the suspicion that, in these latter days, it occasionally winks when it ought to keep both eyes wide open.

FRANCE AND NEWFOUNDLAND.—When the Peace of Utrecht was signed in 1713, England, with a careless good-nature which no other civilised Power has ever been known to display, conceded to France certain fishery privileges which she claimed on the coast of Newfoundland. With still more reprehensible good nature, the rights thus acquired have been suffered to continue, although the numerous wars in which the two countries have since been engaged have afforded excellent opportunities of getting rid of them. The consequence is, that for nearly two centuries the French privileges have been a thorn in the flesh of the colonists. Having got an inch, the French proceeded to take an ell wherever they saw a chance of doing so, and although, according to the terms of the Treaty, they were strictly confined to the occupation of a particular strip of coast, and to the erection of such buildings as were necessary for the curing of fish, they have by degrees erected what is practically a French colony on British soil, and have interfered in various high-handed ways with the fishing operations of the Newfoundlanders, whose main source of livelihood arises from the capture and sale of fish. Recently, matters have assumed an acute stage, because of the development of a new industry which was non-existent at the date of the Treaty of Utrecht. Then, the value of Newfoundland lay in its cod-fisheries, but now lobster-tinning has become an important feature. The French claim the right to procure bait for the purpose of catching lobsters, and also of erecting weirs in lakes, and at the mouths of rivers, for prosecuting this enterprise. Mr. Justice Pinsent, of Newfoundland, denies that the Treaty gives them these rights; M. Spuller says it does; and the question will probably be warmly discussed between the Governments of the two countries. Now, as our statesmen rarely act with boldness when confronted with a big Power, we venture to warn them that it may be dangerous to say, "Is it worth while risking a war with France for the sake of a few lobsters?" If they argue thus, the Newfoundlanders may reply, "Very well, if you won't protect us, we will transfer our allegiance to the United States, who will make short work of the French and their claims." Thus we should lose our oldest colony; perhaps some bigger ones would follow suit. There has been a good deal of vague talk about Imperial Federation; let our Ministers show that they really believe in it by manfully supporting our colonists against foreign aggression.

PREPARATION FOR THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.—It was recently decided that candidates for the Indian Civil Service should be chosen, not, as before, between the ages of seventeen and nineteen, but between those of twenty-one and twenty-three. This alteration has been rather severely criticised, but there is a good deal to be said for it, since it will in some degree tend to discourage cram. Young men will have more time to prepare themselves for the ordeals they have to undergo, and will be less strongly tempted to injure mind and body in efforts to overload the memory with knowledge which cannot be properly assimilated. A matter which deserves closer attention is the preference of the present Civil Service Commissioners for classical as compared with scientific training. It is understood that they propose to do everything in their power to deter students from offering themselves for examination in science; and a number of eminent Cambridge graduates have gone so far as to send them a memorial on the subject, begging that no steps may be taken in this direction. It is right, of course, that candidates who have a natural aptitude for literary study should be tested in classics; but there can be no good reason why those who are more strongly attracted by science should be practically compelled to undertake a kind of work for which they are not well fitted. There is ample room in India for men of a scientific habit of mind, and every inducement should be held out to such men to prepare themselves in their own way for a career in our great dependency. A third question connected with the Indian Civil Service is whether the Commissioners should not adopt some plan which would encourage physical as well as intellectual training. Mr. Galton is decidedly of opinion that the question ought to be answered in the affirmative, and that the end could be attained if the authorities were in earnest about it. This is a subject well worthy of thorough consideration, and we hope that during the approaching Session some one will find or make an opportunity of bringing it before Parliament. By all means let the Civil Servants in India be well educated men, but it is not of less importance that they should be men physically vigorous enough for their very trying duties.

WEATHER FORECASTING.—In Wednesday's *Times* there was an amusing letter from Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey on this subject. He is evidently a weather-enthusiast, and he complains that the Meteorological Office are right in only sixty-six per cent. of their forecasts. In fact, he declares that he obtained an equally profitable result by mere chance—that is, by putting a month's forecasts into a bag, and drawing them out at random. Our own casual observation inclines us to admit that the official forecasts are nearly as often wrong as right; but we think Sir Ralph scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the difficulties presented by the United Kingdom as a weather-prophesying centre. The forecasting methods employed are scientifically sound, but they do not get a fair chance in these islands. We have before now explained how this happens; and we venture to do it again. As all the main weather-disturbances originate from the westward, a region like the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, behind which is a continent three thousand miles wide dotted over with observing-stations, has, for forecasting purposes, a tremendous pull over the United Kingdom, whose most distant westerly station is no further off than county Kerry. Even if we had floating stations moored in the Atlantic Ocean, we should be badly off compared with our cousins in New York and Boston. In other respects, too, the position of these islands renders the weather more fickle, and therefore more deserving of study than anywhere else in the Northern Hemisphere. We are situated in a high latitude, with a climate softened by the Gulf Stream and the Atlantic; yet within five-and-twenty miles of our coast there is the biggest mass of land on the globe, stretching all the way to Kamschatka. No wonder that in such a locality the Clerk of the Weather plays unexpected pranks, and often stultifies the poor fellows in the Meteorological Office, who are trying all they know to discover his little game.

POLYTECHNICS AND TRADE UNIONS.—The Charity Commissioners appear to be favourably disposed to the proposal to adapt the new Polytechnics to Trade Union purposes. The chief demand is for the addition of large halls where members of the Unions could meet "to promote the legitimate objects of their respective trades." Here, at the very threshold, a grave difficulty presents itself. Where would the line be drawn, and who would draw it, between legitimate and illegitimate objects? A Trade Unionist leader would naturally consider it an entirely legitimate purpose to make use of a Polytechnic hall for organising a strike. But these places are largely built with funds subscribed by capitalists, and they might consider it rather hard to have their liberality turned against them. Even if the buildings and endowment were entirely furnished by the State, it seems very questionable whether labour organisations should have special privileges, any more than organisations of capital. It is not as if the Trade Unions cannot afford to hire places of meeting. They can, and do whenever there is any real occasion. No doubt they would be glad to save the money thus expended, so as to have larger funds available for strike-pay. But that is no argument whatever for diverting Polytechnics from their original purpose. It would, too, give a sort of official character to Trade Unions to provide them with special accommodation not attainable by other associations. Moreover, the question of expense has to be considered. The halls would have to be very spacious to afford room for mass meetings, and, seeing how great is the difficulty in raising the funds required without this addition, it might easily block many a hopeful project. If the Trade Unions find that they cannot get on without places of assembly and permanent offices, the easiest and the fairest way would be to raise a special subscription for the purpose, each among its own members.



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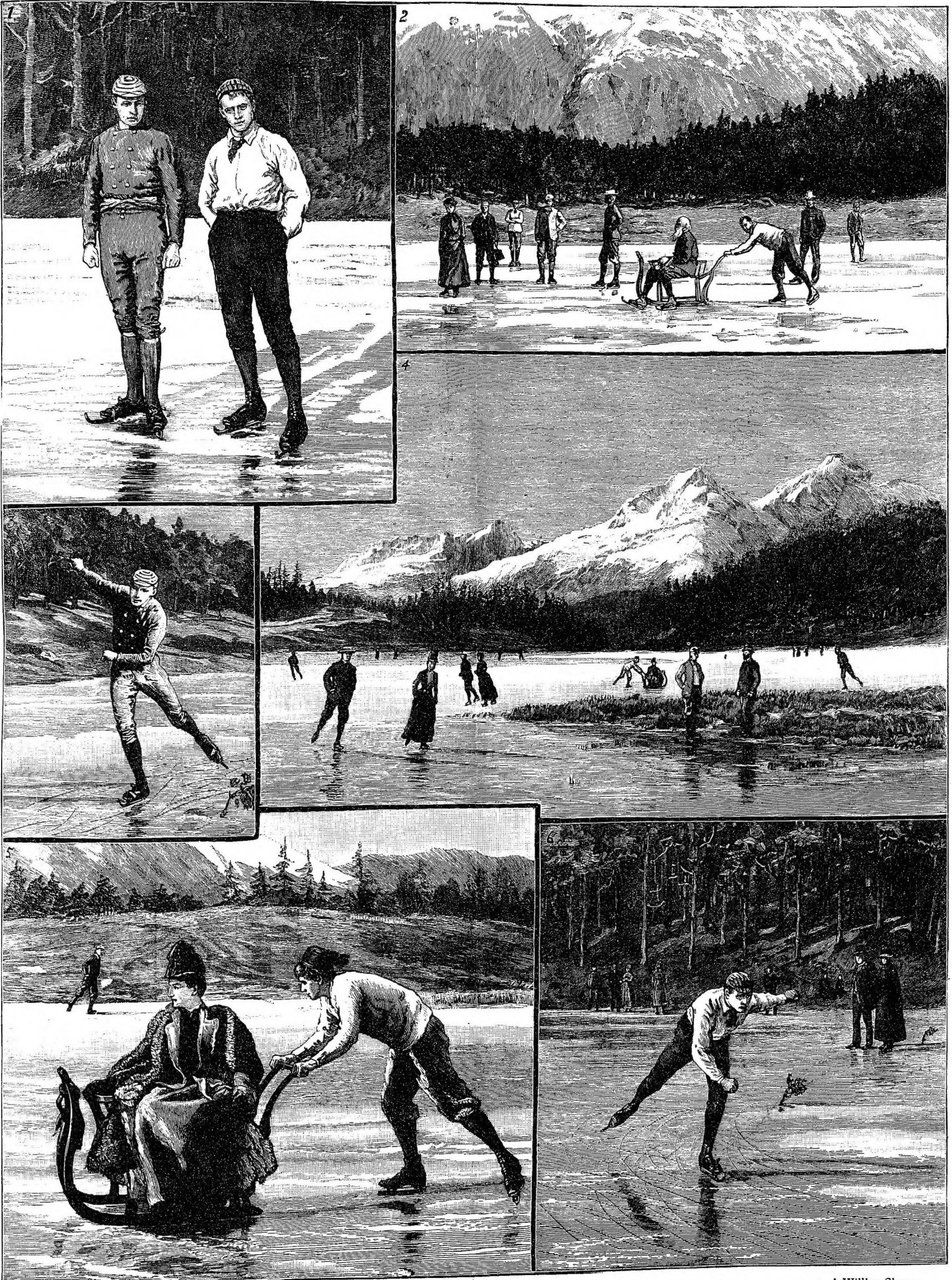


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WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN THE ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND—SKATING



NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "FIRE !!!"

NOTICE.—Mr. Black's story finishes this week. Next week we shall issue the first portion of a NEW SERIAL STORY by FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE, entitled "MADAME LEROUX," illustrated by PERCY MACQUOID, which will be continued weekly until completion.



### BURNING OF THE CASTLE OF LAEKEN

ON New Year's Day the King and Queen of the Belgians were holding a reception in the Palace at Brussels, and there was no one at the Château Laeken except the Princess Clémentine; her governess, Madame Drancourt, a lady sixty-three years of age; and a few servants. Early in the afternoon, the chimney of one of the underground rooms, where some water was being boiled, took fire, the flames spread rapidly, the Princess was saved with some difficulty, but her governess, returning to secure some valuables, fainted, and her calined remains were afterwards discovered. In spite of the efforts of a number of fire-engines from Brussels, the conflagration continued to rage, until the Castle had the appearance of a huge furnace, and the flames were not finally extinguished for several days. The library, nearly all the valuable pictures, and the Gobelins tapestries were destroyed, and the Queen was especially grieved at losing the souvenirs, which she had carefully preserved, of her children. The correspondence of Leopold I. also perished.

The pleasant suburb of Laeken lies to the north of Brussels, at the end of the Allée Verte. The Royal Castle which has just been burnt was erected from a design by the Archduke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, when Austrian Stadtholder of the Netherlands in 1782-4. From 1802 to 1814 it was in the possession of Napoleon I., who dated here his Declaration of War against Russia in 1812. In 1815 the Castle became the property of the Crown. Leopold I. died here in 1865.

### THE FOREST GATE FIRE—SCENES AT THE INQUEST

WE gave last week a brief account of this terrible calamity, and such full descriptions have since appeared that it will be only necessary here to recapitulate a few of the leading facts. About midnight, just as the Old Year had given place to the New, one of the wings of the Forest Gate District School, which accommodates some 700 children, and is maintained by the Poor-Law Guardians of the Whitechapel and Poplar Unions, was discovered to be on fire. As soon as the alarm was given, the officials set to work with great zeal and courage to rescue the children, and in the main they were successful; but twenty-six boys were suffocated by the dense volumes of smoke before help could reach them. As the inquest is still proceeding at the time we go to press, we will not speak dogmatically concerning the cause of the fire; but it seems clear that an over-heated stove-pipe was the origin of the mischief. The tragedy is rendered more affecting by the fact that the children, who in such institutions unavoidably lead very monotonous lives, had on the 31st been taken to see the pantomime at the Stratford Theatre, and were looking forward to New Year's Day as an occasion of great festivity.

Our sketch represents the scene at the inquest, which was opened on January 2nd by Mr. C. C. Lewis, Coroner for South Essex, in one of the girls' school-rooms at the institution. Among the persons present, besides the officials connected with the schools, were twenty or thirty relatives of the deceased children. The principal witness examined on the first day was Mr. Charles Duncan, the superintendent of the Institution. He endeavoured to put out the flames with a "Fire Queen" (a chemical extinguisher), and partially succeeded. Indeed, to his courage and promptitude the preservation of the other parts of the building is due; but he was eventually driven back and almost suffocated by the dense smoke.

### STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT OUDIPUR, INDIA

ONE of the pleasantest features which must strike Prince Albert Victor during his visit to India is the genuine reverence and affection with which Her Majesty the Queen-Empress is everywhere regarded. Evidence of this is to be found in the number of statues of Her Majesty which have been set up throughout the Peninsula. The one represented in our engraving has been erected at Oudipur by His Highness the Maharana, and is to be unveiled by Prince Albert Victor during his visit to that State. The commission was entrusted to Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., who, as will be seen, has been most successful in carrying out the work. The statue, which is 10 ft. in height, is executed in Carrara marble, and represents Her Majesty in regal attire, holding the sceptre and orb. The pedestal on which it is to be placed is 10 ft. high, of appropriate design, and native material and workmanship, executed from drawings and models supplied by the sculptor. The frieze under the cornice contains a floral combination of the lotus, rose, thistle, and shamrock; the base mouldings are enriched with oak and laurel-leaves; and the surbase contains a laurel wreath, intercrossed with branches of laurel and bay. The front of the pedestal is adorned with a raised bronze panel, on which is the following inscription:—"This Statue, Queen Victoria, Empress of India, has been erected by Maharana Futeh Singh, G.C.S.I., in commemoration of the Jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign, and as a mark of His Highness's loyalty and devotion—June, 1887."

### THE ARRIVAL OF LORD HOPETOUN AT MELBOURNE

WHEN Sir Henry Loch was transferred to the Cape, the Governorship of Victoria was conferred upon the Earl of Hopetoun. His lordship was born in 1860, and is therefore full young for such an important post; but he is energetic, and takes much interest in colonial affairs. Accordingly the appointment was received with great favour in the colony. An enthusiastic reception awaited the new Governor when, on November 28th, he, with Lady Hopetoun and their little son and heir, Lord Hope, arrived in the Bay on board the P. and O. steamer *Britannia*. The arrival took place at an early hour; but so much time was taken up in presenting the Ministers and other officials who first went on board, that it was long after the appointed time before the colonists could catch a glimpse of their new Governor. In spite of this weary waiting, however, they received his Excellency with the greatest heartiness, and thus his tenure of office began under the happiest circumstances. Our engraving is from a sketch sent us by Mr. A. Esam, of Melbourne.

### DISTRIBUTION OF THE QUEEN'S GIFTS

HER MAJESTY'S New Year's Gifts were presented on January 1st to the poor of Windsor, Holy Trinity, and Clewer. The distribution of the beef took place in the morning in the Riding School at Windsor Castle, in the presence of the Dean of Windsor, Domestic Chaplain to Her Majesty, Mrs. Randall Davidson, Mr. Edward Lawley, Clerk of the Queen's Kitchen, Canon Gee, Vicar of Windsor, the Rev. Arthur Robins, and Mr. J. Manning, Superintendent of the Royal Mews. The recipients of the Queen's Alms numbered 878, and the total weight of beef divided among them, numbered 71 lb., was a ton and a half. The coals, in portions of from 3 lb. to 7 lb., were 1 cwt. to 3 cwt., weighed which were given in quantities of from 1 cwt. to 3 cwt., weighed nearly 67 tons, and were delivered at the homes of the ticket-holders. The value of the Royal bounty was about 200l. The Queen also contributes 100l. annually to the funds of the Royal Clothing Club at Windsor.

### SKATING IN THE ENGADINE

DAY after day at this time of year streams of English visitors to the Engadine take their way to the beautiful Stätzer Lake, which lies in the pine-woods between St. Moritz and Pontresina. Here they fit to and fro for hours over the smooth strong ice, or bask on the grassy banks in delicious idleness.

One of our illustrations shows an invalid whose chair it is the pride of all the youths in the place to slide about in turn. The charming surroundings of this beautiful piece of water are seen in the general view of the skaters who are scattered over it; while a small party of them, on another part of the lake, patiently stand still at the request of the ubiquitous photographer.

The greatest interest was aroused at St. Moritz by the presence of the two Dutch skaters, Pander and Kingma, who were training for the International Skating Contest, which took place at Amsterdam on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th inst. The peculiar style adopted by speed skaters is seen to advantage in our illustrations of Pander and Kingma at work.—Our engravings are from photographs sent us by Mrs. Elizabeth Main, Engadiner Kulm, St. Moritz.

### THE TUDOR EXHIBITION

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### "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

MR. BLACK'S new story, illustrated by William Small, is concluded this week.

### GREEK WOMEN IN AN ATHENS FACTORY

THE women represented in Mr. Melton Fisher's drawing are engaged in making silk and gold thread veils. The factory in which they work is under the direct patronage of the Queen of Greece, and is managed by a committee of ladies. Poor children are also instructed there, until they have gained sufficient experience to earn their own living. The institution was originally founded as a charity, but now, with the help of legacies left to it by patriotic Greeks, and the profits derived from the sale of the manufactured fabrics, it pays its own way. The work produced is extremely beautiful, and is all wrought by hand.

### PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT A WILD ELEPHANT HUNT IN MYSORE

FROM Seringapatam Prince Albert Victor went by special train to Mysore, where he was received at the station in great State by the Maharajah. On November 24th the Maharajah drove the Prince in his drag to the elephant camp, a distance of fifty miles. They then proceeded to the immediate scene of operations, and there saw a drove of thirty-seven elephants successfully captured and stockaded. This feat is accomplished by means of a "keddah," an elaborate contrivance for impounding these animals. The keddah is usually situated in dense cover in the track ordinarily taken by the elephant-herd, and in a locality affording facilities for capture in the shape of natural obstacles. Three enclosures are then made, opening one into another, and each surrounded by a wide, deep ditch. Elephants will not cross such an obstacle as this, and by strengthening the weak points—water-courses, for example—with a palisading of strong posts, a herd once impounded within such an enclosure finds it difficult to get out again. Next day the Prince was present while the elephants were being tied up, and ran some risk of an attack from an infuriated female elephant, which, however, was frightened off by the officer in charge.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. C. G. Brown, of Bangalore, who secured these views during the operations above described.

### SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS.—VII.

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### BISKRA, ALGERIA

BISKRA, a large oasis on the Sahara Desert, may now be reached by an energetic traveller in three days from England. French enterprise is conspicuous throughout Algeria, but especially in the matter of railway progress, and new lines of rail are being rapidly laid all over the colony. Tunis, too, is now connected by a continuous line of rail with Algiers, while the western line has long since reached Oran, and will shortly be extended to Tlemcen.

The climate of Biskra is very delightful for six months in the year, and even in the middle of May the heat is by no means excessive. The sky is clear, the desert air dry and invigorating—though the sand finds its way in everywhere—the sunsets are magnificent, and the moonlit nights have a splendour beyond description. Then there is the novelty and interest attaching to the manners, customs, and dress of the inhabitants and of the Bedouin Arabs, and the beautiful view over the burning desert with the Aurès Mountains to the north, with here and there an oasis in the distance, offering excursions sufficient for a visit of some duration.

In the French quarter there are at least two good hotels. There are over 100,000 date-palms at Biskra, but there are also many other varieties, and in the beautiful gardens of M. Landon most exquisite tropical plants flourish in great luxuriance.

The huts of the villagers are built of mud—which the sun has baked as hard as a brick—and the interiors are anything but inviting. The children are half-naked, but a woman of Biskra in full dress is a sight not to be forgotten; the men as a rule content themselves with a turban and a white burnous—often of the finest texture, and of spotless cleanliness.

Outside the walls, and, indeed, dotted here and there over the desert, are encampments of Bedouins, whose low, dark-coloured tents are filled with a strange collection of animals—dogs, goats, chickens, and children, with perhaps a camel or two, forming part, and only part, of the live-stock.

The girls—who are never veiled—marry at thirteen, and rapidly lose the good looks which many of them possess in childhood.

There are many excursions to be made from Biskra, and nothing can be more interesting or enjoyable than a ride over the desert to some distant oasis, meeting on the way, probably, many caravans, with camels a hundred or more strong, and, with their numerous

attendants, forming a most imposing spectacle; while no prettier sight can be conceived than a squadron of Spahis—native irregular horse—manœuvring on the plain, and exhibiting, on occasion, wonderful feats of horsemanship.

Sidi Okba is one out of many oases within easy reach, being only twelve miles distant, and containing within its Mosque the tomb of Sidi Okba, who, having conquered North Africa from Egypt to Tangier, "spurred his horse into the Atlantic, and declared that only such a barrier could prevent him from forcing every nation beyond it who knew not God to worship Him only or die." Sir Lambert Playfair, from whose work ("Murray's Guide") this extract is taken, considers the Mosque the most ancient Mohammedan building in Africa. From the minaret we obtained a splendid view of the boundless desert, with its dunes of sand, and of the Aurès Mountains to the north; and, as we were returning to Biskra, had a perfect representation of that desert illusion—the mirage.

H. MILNER WHITE, F.R.G.S.

### LEAVING HOME BY A PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY'S STEAMER

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### A BRIGADE ENGINE ON ITS WAY TO A FIRE

THE most useful manner of commenting on Mr. Charlton's drawing will be to cite a few facts from a Supplement which we published on December 29th, 1888, on the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. This organisation, to which is entrusted the duty of extinguishing the fires which take place among a population as large as that of a second-rate European kingdom, possessed, up to July last, on land fifty-five fire-engine stations, and four on the river, besides twenty-seven hose-cart stations, and a hundred and twenty-seven fire-escape stations. Each fire-engine station contains a certain number of fire-engine, fire-escapes, and firemen, at least one coachman, and one pair of horses, and an officer in charge. All ranks live in the stations or close by. The whole metropolis is divided into four districts, and the chief station of each of these districts is in direct telephonic communication with all the others, and with the head-quarters, where the chief officer, Captain Shaw, resides. When the fire-bell is rung at any station, and it is ascertained (which occupies only a few moments) that it is a real call for a fire, the officer in charge orders the horses to be harnessed and the engine to be turned out. The engine travels at about the rate of a mile in four minutes. The officer in charge of the first engine, as soon as he arrives at the fire, sends back a message to report the nature of the fire, and to say whether any additional help is wanted.

Captain Shaw had for years pointed out the insufficiency of the Brigade in case several extensive fires broke out at the same time in various parts of London. The Board of Works lent a somewhat inattentive ear to his complaints, but when the County Council came into power, they showed themselves far more complaisant. Accordingly, last July three new stations were ordered to be built, and Captain Shaw was empowered to add to his existing staff and appliances 113 more men, 50 new fire escapes, 25 new hose-carts, and 203 new fire-alarm points. The Captain hopes, too, that before long hydraulic power will be established for fire-quenching purposes. If this power were distributed all over London, fire engines might be dispensed with, as a jet of water, impelled by hydraulic agency, would rise without further aid to the height of the highest building.



MR. PARNELL AND MRS. O'SHEA have been served with citations in the divorce-suit instituted by Captain O'Shea. The case, it is stated, will be entered for trial at the Easter Sittings, about the end of this month, and in the ordinary course of events should be heard about June next. Sir Charles Russell, it is said, has been retained on behalf of Mr. Parnell.

THE DEATH, in his seventy-eighth year, is announced of Mr. Serjeant Robinson, who was for many years a familiar figure in the old Courts at Westminster and Guildhall, at the Surrey Sessions, and on the Home Circuit. Lately he practised rarely, devoting much of his time to the interests of the Saddlers' Company, of which he was Master, and to the Royal Free Hospital in the Gray's Inn Road, of which he was a Governor. He was the author of "Bench and Bar Reminiscences, by one of the last of an ancient race," to wit, Serjeants-at-Law, which was one of the most popular books of last publishing season, and in the composition of a second series of which he was engaged at the time of his decease. Mr. Serjeant Robinson was a Tory of the old School, but had many friends among men of all political parties.

THE DEATH OF MRS. BRYDEN a few days since, at Linden Gardens, under circumstances which aroused suspicions of foul play, seems to have been accounted for satisfactorily. The police-surgeon, from a post-mortem examination, came to the conclusion that the deceased was suffocated through her false teeth (which were found in her gullet) accidentally slipping into her mouth when she was taking them out for the night. She was organically diseased, and a slight stoppage of breath was sufficient to cause death.

A WORKING MAN employed by a firm of contractors who were erecting beds for the use of the new hands at the Rotherhithe Gas Works, was stopped as he was leaving the gates by two pickets, who assaulted him severely. One of them was arrested, and has been sentenced by the Greenwich Police Magistrate to a month's hard labour.

AN INGENUOUS ATTEMPT TO DEFRAUD A RAILWAY COMPANY has been exposed at the Wandsworth Police Court. A labouring-man purchased three single tickets from Wandsworth to Clapham Junction, and, later in the day, travelled with two companions from Richmond to Clapham Junction, a much longer journey, when they gave up the three tickets, pretending that they had come only from Wandsworth. The prisoner's movements, however, had been watched. The magistrate pronouncing the fraud to be artful and disgraceful, fined the defendant 30s., with 20s. costs, or fourteen days' imprisonment.

WHEN IMPOSING FINES at the City Summons Court on the owners of unmuzzled dogs, Mr. Alderman Lusk remarked that it was melancholy to see how the muzzling order was fought against and resisted. All sympathy was given to the dog, none to humanity, and this showed a great want of feeling. If a child was bitten, what compensation could be given? Yet, in spite of all the good that the muzzling order has done, it was still set at naught by all classes.

THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS TREE ENTERTAINMENT for the patients of King's College Hospital, Lincoln's Inn Fields, will be held on January 23rd. Any donations or toys for the children's tree will be thankfully received by F. W. Gunn, House Accoucheur.





LORD SALISBURY continues to progress towards recovery, but in consequence of his indisposition his reception of a deputation from the Imperial Federation League, fixed for the 10th inst., has been postponed. The Hon. Davies Barrington, one of the Premier's private secretaries, had a severe attack of Russian influenza on Tuesday. His two colleagues, Mr. M'Donnell and Mr. Greville, are better, and will soon, it is expected, resume their secretarial duties. Mr. Henry Chaplin, the President of the Board of Agriculture, is recovering, but is still confined to his room. Sir Robert Peel, Sir Donald Currie, and Sir John Puleston are convalescent.

THE EPIDEMIC OF INFLUENZA is assuming alarming dimensions, both in London and the provinces. Among more than 1,000 invalid absentees from the General Post Office and the Central Telegraph Office, there are nearly 500 cases of distinct influenza. The absences among the entire force in the London postal service have been as high as 1,375, whereas in ordinary time the number does not average more than 257. At the principal London hospitals the number of cases of influenza is large, and increasing. At Wellington and Kensington Barracks, among the Coldstream Guards at the Tower, at the Hounslow Barracks, at Woolwich, at the Royal Arms Factory, Enfield, at Aldershot, and among the garrison at Windsor, the number of cases is considerable, and the War Office itself has many of its staff invalided. Deaths of children from influenza are reported from Peckham and Clapton, and that of a young lady at Warrington, the daughter of a well-known manufacturer there. The epidemic is being severely felt in Edinburgh and London.

MR. LIVESEY, chief engineer of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, represents as grossly exaggerated the reports of the desertion of the coal-ships in the Thames by the crews. Only a few men had thus left, and their places were soon filled.—The Lord Mayor, Mr. Liddesdale, the Governor of the Bank of England (acting, however, in his private capacity), and Sir John Lubbock are arbitrating on the rate of wages to be paid by the Gas Companies to the coal-porters for unloading barges. Meanwhile the men are receiving the 4d. per ton which they demand.—Two or three hundred labourers of the Joint Dock Company have struck work because it refused to discharge an old and good servant, who had procured a Union ticket, but objected to pay the whole of the entrance-fee.—The Central Strike Committee were evicted on Tuesday from their headquarters at Canal Bridge, Old Kent Road, which they had taken from a tenant who had no power to sub-let.

MR. ASQUITH, M.P., an able and earnest Gladstonian, made a decidedly significant speech at Leeds this week. He reiterated the opinion that the leaders of his party would be acting wisely if they were to take the country a little more into their confidence in regard to the details of their Home Rule scheme. If they went to the country with nothing more than a vague formula, and obtained a majority in favour of it, what would be their position when they introduced a Bill? Not only would the Conservatives say that this was not the issue on which the constituencies had voted, but what reply could the Gladstonian Government give to some of their own followers, who would say, "Our constituents sent us to support Home Rule, but this is not the kind of thing which they intended us to support, and we shall go into a Cave, or, as the Radical Unionists did in 1886, vote with the Opposition."

LORD DUNRAVEN, at a house-dinner of the Liverpool Conservative Club, spoke favourably of an Eight Hours Bill, which, he maintained, would make only a trifling difference in the present hours of labour, at least in the great trades of the country. He was of opinion that a Department ought to be created to take especial charge of matters relating to labour, something in the same way as the Department just created did for agriculture.

IN THE DUBLIN TOWN COUNCIL a resolution was moved by a Unionist Member recommending some action to be taken towards having the ceremony at the opening of the new Science and Art Museum performed by the Queen. A majority of 31 to 5 carried an amendment, moved by Mr. Sexon, M.P., to the effect that, though a visit of the Queen to Ireland for such a purpose would be heartily welcomed by the Irish people, the Council was bound to declare its conviction that the policy and conduct of Her Majesty's present Ministers in regard to Ireland are condemned and detested by an overwhelming majority of the Irish people, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A testimonial, which includes a massive silver shield, is to be presented by the Americans in this country to Mr. H. M. Stanley, on his arrival among us, at a banquet to be presided over by the American Minister, Mr. Lincoln.—The Hon. Director of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children appeals for substantial pecuniary aid to that institution, the expense of investigating cases, and of legal proceedings on behalf of maltreated children, being necessarily great.—The Edinburgh Town Council have adopted a temperance resolution for the discontinuance of a supply of alcoholic liquors at conversaciones held at the expense of the Corporation.—The Chair of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast, which is in the gift of the Crown, has become vacant through the resignation of Professor H. Crossley.—Mr. William White, of 5, Mecklenburgh Square, London, has been appointed Curator of the Ruskin Museum, Sheffield, at a salary of 150*l.* per annum, with residence.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, at Madrid, in her eighty-seventh year, of Señora Llanos, before marriage Fanny Keats, sister and sole surviving relative of the ill-fated poet, John Keats, and recipient of a civil list pension bestowed by Mr. Gladstone; in his eighty-eighth year, of General Viscount Templetown, an Irish representative Peer, and the oldest member of the Irish peerage, Colonel of the Second Life Guards, who served with distinction in the Crimea, being wounded at the Battle of Inkerman when in command of the brigade of Guards, Conservative M.P. for Antrim from 1859 to 1865; in his sixty-fifth year, of Sir Paul Hunter, Bart., practically the founder of the Berkshire regiment, of which he was captain-commandant; in his sixtieth year, of Colonel Sir Edward B. Sladen, a distinguished Anglo-Indian officer, who was chief civil and political officer of the Burma expeditionary force in 1886; in his fifty-seventh year, of Colonel John S. Hand, who served with distinction in India during the Mutiny, in the China campaign of 1860, and in the Abyssinian campaign of 1868, since 1882 commanding the Forty-fourth Regimental District; in his seventy-fifth year, of Mr. Frederick E. Bushby, one of the oldest members of the University of Cambridge, who entering at Peterhouse, in the year of the Battle of Waterloo, became a fellow of that college; in his seventy-first year, of Dr. Westland Marston, the poet, dramatist, and novelist, best known by his tragedy, *The Patrician's Daughter*, which had a considerable success on the stage nearly half a century ago; of Mr. William Gilbert, father of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the Savoy dramatist, and himself a poet and novelist; of Mr. Charles Lever, son of Mr. Ellis Lever, well known in the electrical and scientific world, and inventor of several useful appliances; and, from an attack of dysentery, of Father Stephen J. Perry after taking, on a mission from the Royal Astronomical Society, observations off the

coast of French Guiana of the total solar eclipse of December 22. A member of the Society of Jesus, he had been since 1860 Professor and director of the Observatory at Stonyhurst, and had been prominently engaged in several important scientific expeditions. At the time of his death he was beginning systematic spectroscopic work on sun-spots, from which valuable results were expected.



THE CHARGES AGAINST THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN will be proceeded with in the Library of Lambeth Palace on February 4th, 5th, and 6th.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS, though better, is still suffering from extreme weakness, and it is not expected that he will be again strong enough to exercise his episcopal functions. Prayers for his recovery were offered up in most of the churches of his Diocese on Sunday.

THE LATE BISHOP OF DURHAM has left his valuable library to the University of Durham and the Selwyn Divinity School, Cambridge. The copyright of his works and the residue of his estate, including his MSS., he has left in trust for church and school building and spiritual agencies in the Diocese of Durham.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE, in his annual Pastoral to his clergy, referred to the Church House Scheme, which, he said, so far from having failed, had been progressing quietly, but steadily. It was hoped that the genius of Sir Arthur Blomfield, its architect, would conceive a building which might soon be commenced, though it might take many years to finish it.—The House of Laymen have undertaken to furnish sumptuously the Great Hall of the Church House, in which it will hold its Sessions simultaneously with those of Convocation.

THE BODY KNOWN AS "CHURCHMEN IN COUNCIL" met at the Church House on Tuesday, the Dean of Chichester and the Archdeacon of London being among those present. "It is understood," a contemporary says, "that those moderate Evangelicals who were disposed to accept Dean Perowne's Eirenicon—as his proposal for a Permissive Ornaments Rubric has been styled—have resolved on a less ambiguous, but not less amicable, policy."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, in the course of an earnest and eloquent appeal for, and interesting account of, "Winter Entertainments for the Poor," contributed to *The Daily Graphic*, sketches one recently given in the Mission-room of his own parish, in a street inhabited by costermongers and hawkers. A concert and little drama, *Good for Nothing*, had been got up by its denizens, with the co-operation of ladies and gentlemen. The play was excellently acted by men, most of whom were out of work, but who had been kindly trained by ladies in their drawing-rooms, while the part of Nan was taken by "a bright young lady, who cheerfully made the sacrifice of playing with artisans who were innocent of an h."—Preaching at Westminster Abbey on Missions, the Archdeacon quoted the remark of the agnostic Charles Darwin that impugners of missions forgot how missionaries had abolished human sacrifices, infanticide, murders, bloody wars, and the power of idolatrous priesthoods.

THE FUNERAL OF THE TWENTY-SIX LITTLE BOYS who lost their lives in the disastrous fire on New Year's morning at Forest Gate District School took place on Monday in the West Ham Cemetery, and was attended by an immense concourse of sympathetic spectators. Canon Scott, the Vicar of West Ham, read the Burial Service in St. James's Church, West Ham, and at the grave, where, at the close, he made a few appropriate remarks. After the service the school children sang the hymn, "There's a friend for little children."

BULL-FIGHTS are losing favour in Madrid. The famous matadors have either died or retired, while good fighting-bulls are scarce and ruinously expensive. Even the minor officials of the arena demand such high salaries that the two Societies which usually provide this national recreation are nearly ruined, and can only produce mediocre spectacles, so that the public stay away.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Messrs. Harrison and Sons send us the new edition of "Burke's Peerage," which makes its fifty-second appearance this year. It is, of course, revised and corrected to date, the two most notable incidents in Peerage history since the previous issue (duly recorded here) being the creation of the Dukedom of Fife and the extinction of the Dukedom of Buckingham and Chandos.—A reference to "Debrett's Peerage" (Dean and Son), now in its hundred and seventy-seventh year of publication, gives us much the same information as Burke, though in a more condensed and in some respects a more convenient form. Debrett will in future be published in the middle of December instead of at the beginning of the year.—The invaluable "Whitaker's Almanac" grows perceptibly year by year, the present issue being some twenty-four pages in excess of the last. Amongst the more important articles in the Almanac for 1890 are "The Administration of India under the Crown," "The Almanac and Calendar; their history and how to use them," "The French Revolution," "Submarine Navigation," and "The Irish Constabulary."—"Hazell's Annual" (Hazell, Watson, and Viney), now in its fifth year of publication, contains over 3,500 articles on various current topics. There is an interesting article on Imperial Federation, and the biographical notices appear to be brought down to the most recent date.—A useful feature in the tenth annual publication of the "Dictionary of the World's Press" (Henry Sell, Fleet Street) is the "Calendar of Historical Events," giving an important event for every day in the year. The volume, besides, includes a special *résumé* of the Law of Libel by Mr. Blake Odgers, and an article on "The Gallery" by Mr. Bussy. "Magazines, Old and New," by Mr. H. Fox Bourne, is also interesting.—We have received from Messrs. Wisden and Co., 21, Cranbourn Street, W.C., a copy of the twenty-seventh edition of their "Cricketers' Almanac," containing a good deal of information which will interest lovers of sport.—The "Catholic Directory" for 1890 (Burns and Oates), besides giving a complete list of cardinals and priests and other Catholic ecclesiastics, contains much other useful information of general interest. The present is the fifty-third annual publication of the Directory.—There are a great many useful particulars to be found concerning schools, &c., in "The Educational Annual" for 1890 (George Philip and Son). The volume has been enlarged and revised since its first appearance last year, and several alterations have been made which add materially to its utility.—"Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (G. Bell and Sons) this year reaches its fiftieth anniversary. Though not quite so elaborate a production as "Burke" or "Debrett," this is fully as useful for reference, the information being in a concise and handy form.—We have also to acknowledge the forty-seventh annual publication of "Thom's Official Directory" (A. Thom and Co., Dublin), "The Railway Diary and Officials' Directory" for 1890 (McCorquodale and Co.), and "The Advertiser's Guardian" (Louis Collins, 16, Great Marlborough Street, W.); and "Glasgow's Household Almanac and Diary" for 1890.



PENNY POSTAGE throughout the colony was introduced in Victoria at the New Year.

MR. GLADSTONE received over 3,000 congratulatory letters and telegrams on his recent birthday.

THE BELGIAN EXHIBITION IN LONDON opens on April 26th. If the King cannot be present at the opening, he will visit the Exhibition later.

HERR KRIIPP intends to establish a second "Essen" across the Atlantic. He has bought a large tract of land in Pennsylvania, where he will construct extensive works.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S ADMIRATION of the time and customs of his renowned ancestor, Frederick the Great, has led even to the revival of the Court dress of the period. By State Order all civilians appearing at the Berlin Court or at Government receptions must henceforward wear knee-breeches, silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes, as in Frederick's day.

THE FORTH BRIDGE impresses the Americans far more than the Eiffel Tower, and there is a scheme on foot to build a mighty bridge across the Hudson at New York in time for the coming World's Fair, rather than a monster tower to eclipse the Parisian success. The bridge would be of permanent value—the tower simply a wonder. Of course, to content our patriotic cousins, the bridge must be bigger than the Forth structure.

THE INTRODUCTION OF SMOKELESS POWDER into the German army will involve the uniforms of several regiments being altered, as the wearers of bright colours will be too plainly visible to the enemy without the protecting cloud of smoke during warfare. The White Cuirassiers and the Red Hussars in particular are to wear much darker garb instead of their present well-known and conspicuous uniforms.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW IN CHINA is considered a more valuable personage than a wife. Recently a Chinese husband quarrelled with his wife and mother-in-law, and killed them both in a fight. When decreeing his punishment, the *Pekin Gazette* pronounced that "the penalty for murdering a mother-in-law is decapitation, and for killing a wife strangulation. So, on the principle that the lesser crime is merged in the greater, the husband has been condemned to be beheaded."

A SANSKRIT NEWSPAPER is published at Tiravadi, Tanjore, where a native journalist is trying the novel experiment of printing a live journal in a dead language. The paper contains the news of the day in Sanskrit dress—poetry, notes on Hindoo law, dissertations on the Mahabharata, and jottings on literature, science, art, and theology, "all wearing much the same appearance," says the *Times of India*, "as if a page or two of the *Nineteenth Century* and half the *Daily Telegraph* were reproduced in the Greek of Hesiod or the Latin of Catullus."

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES, heir to the Italian Crown, starts next week on a tour round the world to complete his education. He is a reserved, rather stiff young fellow of twenty, whose naturally delicate constitution has not been improved by constant application to his studies, unrelieved by any athletic recreation whatever. His tastes are those of a scholar and bookworm, his favourite hobby being the collection of medals, coins, and old arms. He fulfils his military duties as rigidly and punctually as a German, and rarely shows surprise or expresses his feelings.

A VIGOROUS CENTENARIAN lives at Elgin, N.B.—Peter Laing, a carter, who on Sunday entered his 106th year. He is still sufficiently active to drive his horse and van about the streets, has a healthy appetite for oatmeal porridge, potatoes, and salt herrings, and delights in relating his reminiscences of Burns, whom he knew well. Peter's father died at 109, and his grandfather, who fought at Culloden, is asserted to have reached the age of 135. On Peter's birthday another centenarian passed away. James Foubister, of St. Andrew's, Orkney, was 101½ years old, and had been a sailor for many years, afterwards taking up farming.

THE MODEL OF THE MONUMENT FOR EMPEROR FREDERICK'S TOMB in the Potsdam Mausoleum is now finished. It represents the Emperor reclining on the sarcophagus, wearing his favourite Cuirassier's uniform and draped in the Imperial mantle. His hands are crossed on his breast, and hold the laurel of victory and the hilt of a sword on which lies the palm of peace. The German Eagle guards each side of the head, and, besides an inscription, the sides of the sarcophagus bear *bas-reliefs* illustrating Peace and War, Science, Justice and Charity. The most curious, however, is a group depicting the Emperor being ferried across by Charon to the shores of the nether world, where William I. and Queen Louisa await their descendant.

PARIS seems likely to possess two Salons next year, for the quarrel between the leading French painters continues unabated. A delegation from the Artists' Association interviewed M. Meissonier and his following to persuade them to withdraw their resignations, but in vain. M. Meissonier affirmed that the new Artistic Society was already founded, the rules were being prepared, and he expected to welcome many recruits to his side instead of returning to the old body. The dispute has divided all artistic Paris into two camps, but there is a general feeling of regret that Art should be made subservient to personal rivalry and jealousy. The season for the minor exhibitions is just beginning, and within the next few weeks there will be the annual displays at the Mirlitons and other clubs, together with a Black and White Exhibition.

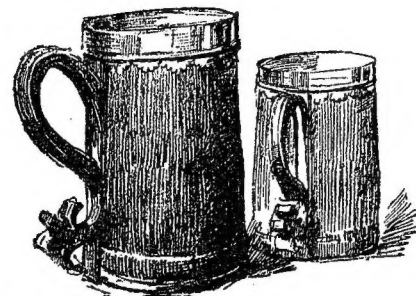
LONDON MORTALITY increased considerably last week according to the official returns, but the high number is due in some measure to the delays in registration during the Christmas holidays. The deaths registered reached 2,371, being an advance of 681 on those of the previous seven days, and 423 above the average, the death-rate rising to 28 per 1,000. The increase chiefly appeared in the fatalities from diseases of the respiratory organs, which numbered 843—an advance of 376, and 301 above the average. There were four fatal cases of influenza proper, all over forty years of age. Scarlet-fever improves, the casualties only reaching 15, or 19 below the average, while the 1,570 patients in the hospitals on Saturday showed a steady decrease on previous numbers. There were 98 deaths from whooping-cough (an advance of 21), 36 from measles (an increase of 7), 32 from diphtheria (a rise of 6), 12 from enteric fever (a decline of 1), and 10 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 9). Different forms of violence caused 91 deaths, including 3 murders and 7 suicides. There were 2,961 births registered—an increase of 1,146, but 117 below the usual return. The influenza epidemic has not only spread widely over London but throughout the provinces and to Dublin. As may be seen from the above statistics, it is seldom fatal until leading to other chest-diseases, but the suffering and public inconvenience experienced on the Continent are now repeated in our own country. In London, 1,617 officials of the General Post Office are ill, though not all with pure influenza; tramway employees are attacked, many sufferers keep the hospitals busy, and the troops are affected to a considerable extent. The malady chiefly affects persons between fifteen and sixty, sparing the very young and aged, and so far is of much milder type than abroad.



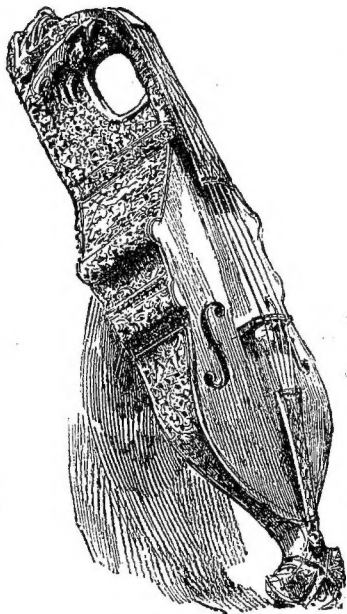
## THE TUDOR EXHIBITION

THE Exhibition of the House of Tudor, which was opened to the public on New Year's Day, is a worthy successor to the Stuart Collection which last year inaugurated the New Gallery series of historical gatherings of pictures and relics. It represents very fully the arts of the period in such a manner as to reflect with wonderful fulness the more courtly life of the Tudor dynasty, from Henry VII. to the death of

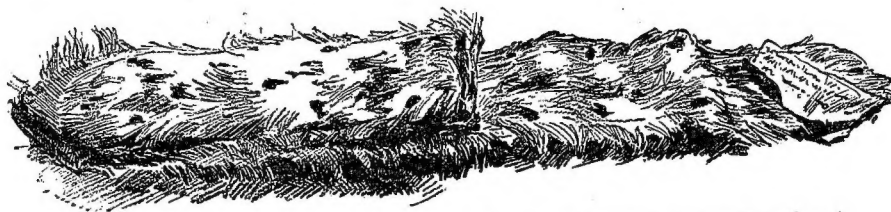
Elizabeth. To this end, while much trouble has been taken to exclude objects of doubtful pedigree, most of the great collections, public and private, have been laid under contribution, and have all sent in their quota. The Central Hall contains the choicest pieces of armour of the period; the West Gallery shows a display of masterpieces by Holbein such as never before were brought together; while the North Room is chiefly devoted to relics of Queen Elizabeth and her reign, including seven reputed portraits of Shakespeare.



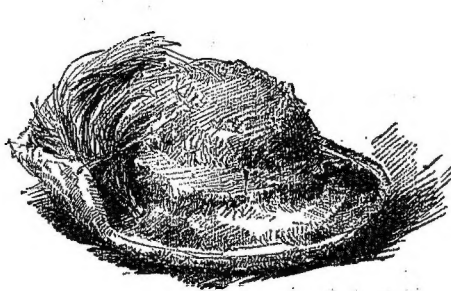
Two silver-mounted Black-jacks which belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, and have been handed down in the family of his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, whose arms they bear.



Violin presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester. The violin is of boxwood, and is carved with woodland scenes, and the Arms of Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester are engraved on a silver plate on the finger-board. In the tail-piece is inserted a silver-gilt stud fastened by a nut inscribed 1578, "I P," supposed to be the date of the instrument, and the maker's initials. It is very curiously carved, but the several parts are so thick and loaded with ornaments that it has no more tone than a mute.



Tippet of Ermine worn by Queen Anne Boleyn at her execution, with marks of blood on it.



Hat of Henry VIII. Shoes of Anne Boleyn. The following story is told concerning these two relics. Nicholas Bristowe, a favourite courtier of Henry VIII., was riding with the King and Queen in Hertfordshire, when they passed Ayot St. Lawrence. Greatly admiring the place, and wondering whose it was, he asked the King, who replied, "It is mine, but now shall be yours." Bristowe, asking what evidence he was to produce of the gift, the King gave him the hat he was wearing, and asked the Queen for her slippers, adding, "Bring me these in London, and I will give you the title deeds." The Hat and Slippers since that time have always gone with the estate.



Gold Sardonyx Ring, the cameo representing a portrait of Queen Elizabeth in high ruff. The inside is enamelled in blue and gold. It seems originally to have been made for a very small finger, and to have been enlarged. This is supposed to be the identical ring given by Queen Elizabeth to Essex. It has descended from Lady Frances Devereux, Essex's daughter, in unbroken succession from mother and daughter to the present owner.



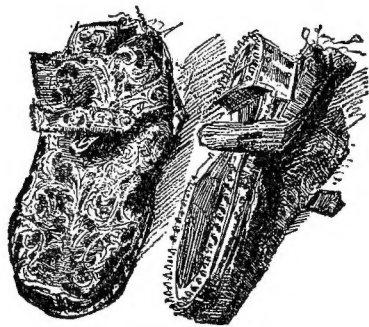
Queen Elizabeth's Coronation Ruff, beautifully embroidered with pearls. Formerly in the possession of the Law family, it now belongs to Lieutenant-General C. C. Fraser, V.C.



A magnificent silver-gilt Standing Cup and Cover (circa 1580), given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir F. Drake. The bowl is encased with silver filigree-work, and rests upon a series of projecting lobes with medallions on three sides, and the baluster stem rests on a similar series of lobes with medallions. The cover has a border overlaid with filigree work.

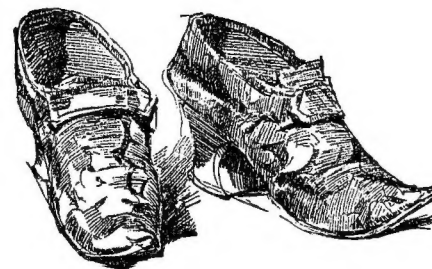


Cocoa-nut Cup, with silver-gilt mounts, 1580. Given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake. The cup is delicately engraved with figures of animals, &c., and is divided by the straps connecting band and stem into three panels, engraved respectively with the Royal Arms, those of Sir Francis Drake, and with a picture of Drake's ship and a number of prizes. The cup rests on a boldly-modelled figure of a dragon passant with extended wings. The cover is of silver-gilt wrought with ships and sea-monsters, and surmounted by a model of the ship in which Drake circum-navigated the globe.



Shoes worn by Henry VIII. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold (June, 1520). They are of hand-somely embroidered velvet, with silver edges and heels.

Ivory Grace Cup, which belonged to Thomas à Becket, mounted in silver-gilt. The original small ivory cup has been surmounted by a bronze band of silver-gilt, and a jewelled silver-gilt foot has been affixed to it. This again is encircled by a broad band of arabesque pierced foliage, above which is a cavetto filled originally with jewels and leaves alternately. The cover encloses the original ivory lid, on the flat part of which is a band inscribed "Estote Sobrii," the words alternating with the letters "T B" entwined with the labels of a mitre placed between them. The Cup, now the property of the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., originally belonged to Sir Edward Howard, Standard-Bearer to Henry VIII. It was left by him to Katharine of Aragon, who left it back to the Howard family.



Shoes belonging to Queen Elizabeth. These shoes were left by the Queen at Northiam, Sussex, when she visited there, and dined on the village green on her way to Rye, Sussex.





DRAWN BY W. SMALL

She wrote her letter while Jim was in shy confabulation with the waiter.

## "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &amp;C.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### TOWARDS THE DAWN

ON the Tuesday about mid-day, according to her promise, Miss Burgoyne called, and again preferred her request. And, short of a downright lie, Mangan saw no way of refusing her.

"At the same time," he said, in the cold manner which he unconsciously adopted towards this young lady, "you must remember he is far from strong yet; and I hope you have nothing to say to him that would cause agitation, or even involve his speaking much. His voice has to be taken care of, as well as his general condition."

"Oh, you may trust me for that," said she, with decision. "Do you think I don't know how important that is?"

Miss Burgoyne went into the room. Lionel was still in bed, but propped up in a sitting posture; and to keep his arms and shoulders warm he had donned a gorgeous smoking-jacket, the fantastic colours of which were hardly in keeping with his character as invalid. He knew of her arrival, and had laid aside the paper he had been reading.

"I am so glad to know you are getting on so satisfactorily," said Miss Burgoyne, in her most pleasant way. "And they tell me your voice will be all right too. Of course you must exercise great caution: it will be some time before you can begin your vocalises again."

"How is Doyle doing?" he asked, in a fairly clear voice.

"Oh, pretty well," said she, but in rather a dissatisfied fashion. "It is difficult to say what it is that is wanting—he looks well, acts well, sings well—a very good performance altogether—and yet—it is respectable, and nothing more. He really has a good voice, as you know, and thoroughly well trained; but it seems to me as if there were in his singing everything but the one thing—everything but the thrill that makes your breath stop at times. However," added Miss Burgoyne, out of her complaisance, "the public will wait a long time before they find any one to sing 'The Starry Night' as you sang it, and as I hope you'll be singing it again before long."

She was silent for a second or two; she seemed to have something to say, and yet to hesitate about saying it.

"I hear you are going to Italy when you are strong enough to travel," she observed at last.

"That is what they advise."

"You will be away for some time."

"I suppose so."

And again she sat silent for a little while, pulling at the fringe of her rose-lined sun-shade.

"Well, Lionel," she said at length, with downcast eyes, "there is something I have been thinking about for a long time back, and if you are going away very soon, and perhaps for a considerable while, I ought to tell you. It may be a relief to you as well as to me; indeed I think it will; if I had imagined what I have to say would vex you in any way, you may be sure I wouldn't come at such a time as this. But to be frank—that engagement—do you think we entered upon it with any kind of wisdom, or with any fair prospect of happiness? Now if I trouble you or hurt your feelings in any way, you can stop me with a single word," she interposed, and she ventured to look up a little, and to address him more directly. "The truth is, I was flattered by such a proposal—naturally—and rather lost my head, perhaps, when I ought to have asked myself what was the true state of our feelings towards each other. Of course, it was I who was in the wrong; I ought to have considered. And I must say you have behaved most honourably throughout; you never showed the least sign of a wish to break the engagement, even when we had our little quarrels, and you may have received some provocation. But after all, Lionel, I think you must admit that our relations have not been quite—quite—what you might expect between two people looking forward to spending their lives together."

She paused here—perhaps to give him an opportunity of signifying his assent. But he refused to do that. He uttered not a word. It was for her to say what was in her mind—if she wished to be released.

"I am quite sure that even now, even after what I have just told you," she continued, "you would be willing to keep your word. But—but would it be wise? Just think. Esteem, and regard, and respect there would always be between us, I hope; but—but is that enough? Of course you may tell me that as you are willing to do that, I should be on my side; and I fulfil your part of the engagement, so I should be on my side; and I don't say that I am not; if you challenged me, and could convince me that your happiness depended on it, you would see whether I would draw back. But you have heard me so far without a word of protest. I have not wounded you. Perhaps you will be as glad to be free as I shall be—I don't mean glad, Lionel," she hastily put in, "except in the sense of being free from an obligation that might prove disastrous to both of us. Now, Lionel, what do you say? You see I have been quite candid; and I hope you won't think I have spoken out of any unkindness or ill-feeling."

He answered her at last.

"I agree with every word you have said."

A quick flush swept across Miss Burgoyne's forehead; but pro-

bably he could not have told what that meant, even if he had been looking; and he was not.

"I hope you won't think me unkind," she repeated. "I am sure it will be better for both of us to have that tie broken. If I had not thought that it would be as grateful to you as to me to be released, be sure I would not have come and spoken to you while you were lying on a sick bed. Now I promised Mr. Mangan not to talk too much nor to agitate you," said she, as she rose, and smoothed her sun-shade, and made ready to depart. "I hope you will get strong and well very soon; and that you will come back to the New Theatre with your voice as splendid as ever." But still she lingered a little. She felt that her immediate departure might seem too abrupt; it would look as if she had secured the object of her visit, and was therefore ready to run away at once. So she chatted a little further; and looked at the photographs on the wall; and again she hoped he would be well soon, and back at the theatre. At last she said "Well, good-bye!"; gave him her gloved hand for a second; then she went out and was joined by her brother. Mangan saw them both down-stairs, and returned to Lionel's room.

"Had her ladyship any important communication to make?" he asked, in his careless way.

"She proposed that our engagement should be broken off—and I consented," said Lionel, simply.

Mangan, who was going to the window, suddenly stood stock still, and stared, as if he had not heard aright.

"And it is broken off?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

There was a dead silence. Presently Maurice said—

"Well, that is the best piece of news I have received for many a day—for you don't seem heart-broken, Linn. And now—have you any plans?—perhaps you have hardly had time?"

He was looking at Lionel—wondering whether the same idea was in both their heads—and yet afraid to speak.

"Maurice," Lionel said presently, with some hesitation, "tell me—could I ask Nina—look at me—such a wreck—could I ask her to become my wife? It's about Capri I am thinking—we could go together there, when I am a bit stronger—"

There was a flash of satisfaction in the deep-set, friendly grey eyes.

"This is what I expected, Linn. Well, put the question to her self—and the sooner the better!"

"Yes, but—" Lionel said, as if afraid.

"Oh, I know," Maurice said, confidently. "Tell Nina that you are not yet quite recovered—that you have need of her care—and



she will go to the world's end with you. Only you must get married first, for the sake of appearances."

"What will she say, Maurice?" he asked again, as if there was some curious doubt, or perhaps merely timidity, in his mind. "I think I know, but I am not going to tell," his friend answered lightly. "I am off up-stairs now. I will send Nina down; but without a word of warning. You'll have to lead up to it yourself—and good-luck, to you my boy!" And therewith Maurice departed to seek out Nina in the chamber above; and as he went up the stairs he was saying to himself—"Well, well; and so Miss Burgoyne did that of her own free will? I may have done the young woman some injustice. Perhaps she is not so selfish and hard after all. Wish I had been more civil to her!"

Meanwhile Miss Burgoyne and her brother were walking in the direction of Regent Street.

"Now, Jim," she said, with almost a gay air, "I have just completed a most delicate and difficult negotiation, and I feel quite exhausted. You must take me into a restaurant and give me the very nicest and neatest bit of luncheon you can possibly devise—all pretty little trifles, for we mustn't interfere with dinner; and I am going to see how you can do it—"

"Well, but, Katie," he said, frowning, "where do you suppose—"

"Oh, don't be stupid!" she exclaimed, slipping her purse into his hand. "I am going to judge of your *savoir faire*; I will see whether you get a nice table; whether you order the proper things; whether you command sufficient attention—"

"I was never taught to bully waiters," said he.

"To bully waiters—is that your notion of *savoir faire*?" she answered lightly. "My dear Jim, the bullying of a waiter is the most obvious and outward sign of the ingrained, incurable cad. No, no. That is what I do not expect of you, Jim. And I am going to leave the whole affair in your hands; for while you are ordering for me a most elegant little luncheon, I have an extremely important letter to send off."

So it was that when brother and sister were seated at a small table on the ground floor of a well-known Regent Street restaurant, Miss Burgoyne had writing materials brought her, and she wrote her letter while Jim was in shy confabulation with the waiter. It was not a lengthened epistle: it ran so—

'Tuesday.

DEAR PERCY,  
Let it be as you wish.

Your loving

KATE.

P.S. When shall you be in town? Come and see me.'

She folded and enclosed and addressed the letter; but she did not give it to the waiter to post. It was of too great moment for that. She put it in her pocket: she would herself see it safely dispatched.

Well, for a boy, Jim had not done so badly; though, to be sure, his sister did not seem to pay much attention to these delicacies. Her brain was too busy. As she trifled with this thing or that, or sipped a little wine, she said—

"Jim, I know what the dream of your life is—it's to go to a big pheasant-shoot."

"Oh, is it!" he said, with the scorn born of superior knowledge. "Not much. I've tried my hand at pheasants. I know what they are. It's all very well for those fellows in the papers to talk about the easy shooting—the slaughter—the tame birds—and all that bosh: fellows who couldn't hit a stuffed cockatoo at twenty yards. No, thanks: I know what pheasants are—the beasts!"

"Well, what kind of shooting would you really like?" said this indulgent sister.

"I'll tell you," he said, with his face brightening. "I should like to have the run of a good rabbit-warren, and to be allowed to wander about entirely by myself, with a gun and a spaniel. No keeper looking on, and worrying, and criticising—that's my idea."

"All right," said she, "I think I can promise you that."

"You?" he said, looking at her, and wondering if she had gone out of her wits.

"Yes," she answered, sweetly. "Don't you think there will be plenty of rabbits about a place like Petmansworth?"

"And what then?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Sir Percival Miles," said Miss Kate, with much serene complacency.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A REUNION

HERE is a long balcony, shaded by pillared arches, the windows hung with loose blinds of reeds in grey and scarlet. If you adventure out into the hot sunlight, you may look away down the steep and rugged hill, where there are groups of flat-roofed, white houses dotted here and there among the dark palms and olives and arborescent vines; and then your eyes naturally turn to the vast extent of shimmering blue sea, with the faint outline of the Italian coast and the peaked Vesuvius beyond. But inside, in the spacious, rather bare, rooms, it is cooler. And in one of these, at the further end, stands a young man in front of a piano, striking a chord from time to time, and exercising a voice that does not seem to have lost much of its timbre; while there is an exceedingly pretty, gentle-eyed, rather foreign-looking young lady engaged in putting flowers on the central table, which is neatly and primly laid out for four.

"Come, Leo," she says, "is it not enough? You are in too great a hurry, I believe. Are you jealous of Mr. Doyle? Do you wish to go back at once? No, no; we must get Mr. Mangan and his bride to make a long stay, before we go over with them to the big towns on the mainland. Will you go out and see if the *Risposta* is visible yet?"

"What splendid weather for Maurice and Francie, isn't it, Ntoniella?" said he (for there are other pet names besides the familiar Nina for any one called Antonia). "I wish we could have had our wedding-day along with theirs. Well, at least we will have our honeymoon-trip along with them; and we shall have to be their guides, you know, in Venice, and Rome, and Florence, for neither of them knows much Italian."

"Yes, but, Leo," said Nina, who was still busy with her flowers, "when we go back with them to Naples, you really must speak properly. It is too bad—the dialect—it is not necessary—you can speak well if you wish—it was only to make fun of Sabetta that you began—now it is always."

He only laughed at her grave remonstrance.

"Oh, don't you preach at me, Ntoniella!" he said, in the very language she was deprecating. "There are lots of things I can say to you that sound nicer that way."

He turned from the piano at last, and took up an English newspaper that he had previously opened.

"Ntoniè, tell me, did you read all the news this morning?"

"No—a little," Nina answered, snipping off the redundant stalks of the grapes.

"You did not see the announcement about—about Miss Cunyngham?"

At the mention of this name, Nina looked up quickly; and there was some colour in the pale clear complexion.

"No. What is it, Leo?"

"I thought you might have seen that, at all events," he said, lightly. "Well, I will read it to you. 'A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Lord Rockminster, eldest son of the Earl of Fareborough, and Miss Honnor Cunyngham, daughter of the late Sir George Cunyngham, and sister of ham, daughter of the late Sir George Cunyngham, and Aivron Lodge, Sir Hugh Cunyngham, of the Braes, Perthshire, and Aivron Lodge, Campden Hill.' I should like to have sent them a little wedding-present," he went on, absently, "for both of them have been very kind to me; but I am grown penurious in my old age; I suppose we shall have to consider every farthing for many a day to come—"

"Leo, why will you not take any of my money?" Nina exclaimed—but with shy and downcast face.

"Your money!" he said, laughing. "You talk as if you were a Russian princess, Ntoniella!"

He drew aside the reeded blind of one of the windows and went out into the soft air: both land and sea—that beautiful stretch of shining blue—seemed quivering in the heat and abundant sunlight of June.

"Nina, Nina!" he called, "you must make haste; the *Risposta* will soon be coming near; and we must be down in time to welcome Maurice and Francie when they come ashore."

In a second or two she was ready; and he also.

"There are so many things I shall have to tell Maurice," he said, just as they were about to leave the house. "But do you think I shall be able to tell him, Ntoniella? No. He must guess. What you have been to me—what you are to me—how can I tell him, or any one?"

He took both her hands in his, and looked long and lovingly into her upturned face.

"Ntoniè, tu si state a sciorta mia!" he said, meaning thereby that good fortune had befallen him at last. It was a pretty speech; and Nina, with her beautiful dark eyes fixed on his, answered him in the same dialect, and almost in the same terms—if in a lower voice—

"E a sciorta mia si tu!"

THE END.



Mr. W. E. NORRIS rightly describes "Mrs. Fenton" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.) as "a sketch," but it is a sketch worth the greater number of finished portraits. Mrs. Fenton is an impostor and adventuress, whose final and tragic remorse is nothing better than despair at the certainty of detection; and yet who charms and fascinates the reader, who sees through her from the beginning, fully as much as those whom she found it so easy to deceive. She is altogether one of the most real characters in fiction, and will probably make not a few persons a little vexed with themselves for a secret disappointment at her failure. Of course it is easy enough for a novelist to tell his readers that such-and-such a character is brilliant and fascinating; but Mr. Norris does not say this of Laura, or rather Letitia Fenton—he makes her so. And so with the rest of his *dramatis personæ*: the reader is left in every case to form his own conclusions, without the help of a single label. Most of them are commonplace enough, and, in all cases, the merest sketches; but they none the less remain as distinct pictures in the memory—even such a nonentity as Susie Moore. For she is intended to be a nonentity, and is interesting as the result of carefully fulfilled intentions. It is possible that, in course of time, Mr. Norris may carry his talent for reticence too far, and leave too much for his readers to fill in. In "Mrs. Fenton," however, he appears to us to have discovered the utmost point where this quality remains a merit: and, since this can scarcely be due to accident, we may confidently hope for more portraits of the same order and degree of excellence. In that case he will have fairly beaten the Americans upon their own ground, and that with ease. The unlucky accident which made an English author and English publishers apparently guilty of disfiguring an English novel with all the atrocities of American spelling has been, we are glad to see, satisfactorily explained.

In his novel called "Dodo and I" (1 vol.: Blackwood and Sons), Captain Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., introduces us to two heroines—a good one and a bad one, of an equally uncomfortable kind. Lady Aïde Featherston the good, and Zuleikha the wicked, are members of the Gnostic Atomic Brotherhood, a society of adepts, who possess the power of "atomic disintegration"—that is to say, of causing their bodies to dissolve into invisible atoms, so that the spirit may wander at will, free from its material incumbrance; which, however, it may resume at pleasure, wherever it may happen to be. Thus a Gnostic Atomic brother, or sister, may suddenly disappear from a ball-room in Cairo, and the next moment turn up in the flesh in a vacant chair at a London restaurant, ball dress and all. It is obvious that a writer who allows himself such liberties, not in a fairy tale, where he must keep them well in hand, but, in a modern novel of the Divorce Court and the Soudan, ought to compensate his readers by giving them a plot so strong, or otherwise so striking, that impossibilities shall seem as natural as sentiment or slaughter. Captain Haggard cannot, from this point of view, be said to have risen to his own occasion. His magical business reads like the work of one who has taken the "Bab Ballads" solemnly and seriously—an effect which culminates in the scene where either Sir James Hannen or Mr. Justice Butt, standing at the entrance of his Court, is witness to an assassination and to the atomic disintegration of the murderer. For the rest, there is not much to say of the novel, except that it contains a great deal of very juvenile philosophy about elective affinities, and of the slaughter of Arabs and Abyssinians on a considerable scale. What Captain Haggard appears to require at present is less ambition and more humour.

"Dr. Greystone," by Madame Van de Velde (1 vol.: Trischler and Co.), derives its title from an unfortunate physician, so morbidly, and indeed unaccountably, afflicted with remorse for the death, from aneurism of the heart, of a worthless wife, to whom he was entirely indifferent, that he throws up the profession to which he was devoted, and hides away in a remote place under a changed name. The authoress struggles hard to account for this psychological eccentricity; but the passage in which she does so, though apparently subtle and profound, is absolutely devoid of meaning. Self-made misfortunes, however, dog the unfortunate doctor even in his obscurity; he takes upon himself the blame of having accidentally shot the brother of the girl whom he loves, in order to spare the feelings of the young man's father, who himself had unknowingly fired the fatal shot; he even allows, without a protest, the girl herself to call him a murderer. Accident, however, comes at last to his rescue; though we are not quite sure that the substitution of accident for common sense is quite in accord with justice. The novel is of average quality.

In Bessie T. Jonesco, the authoress of "Only a Singer" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), those who move in musical circles will recognise the married name of Miss Bessie Richards, who, as an accomplished pianist, is still well remembered in London. "Only a Singer," as might be expected from its title and its authorship, deals largely with musical matters; it is simple and unaffected in style and method, and a not unusual situation is treated in a fresh and unconventional manner. Persons who are familiar from ex-

perience with the life of the musical student in Germany, and especially at Leipzig, will be glad to have old recollections revived; while, in subsequently carrying her readers into Roumania, Madame Jonesco introduces them to altogether new and interesting ground.

"Another Such Victory," by Annette Lyster (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), appeals to the interest of those who are never weary of one of the most favourite of all situations—the long estrangement of a wife from her husband by wounded pride, and the final conquest of affection, helped by accident, over what threatens to be a fatal misunderstanding. In the present case the original misunderstanding is more than usually impossible, for any two people who have a grain of sense between them; and it is difficult, therefore, to bestow upon Harry and Angel Vavasar the sympathy expected for them, or to foresee much happiness for the future, especially as the lady has been afflicted meanwhile with brain disease, and the gentleman with rheumatism. Indeed most of the characters are more or less physically delicate—another gets brain fever from "disappointment," and another breaks down from over-study. Absurd, however, as the plot is, and melancholy as are its incidents, the novel is not without many merits, notably in its portraiture of such characters as Mrs. Brand, who wants to revise everybody according to her own ideas, and Mrs. Glenville, with her amiable genius for muddle.



## II.

THOUGH M. Émile de Laveleye's "Two New Utopias" which opens the *Contemporary* is ostensibly but an examination of the theories advanced in two books, "Looking Backward," by Mr. Edward Bellamy, and "Études Sociales—Mon Utopie," by M. Charles Secrétan, it is really much more. We have here, indeed, a bright and pleasing essay on the literature of the subject from the time of Plato's Republic down to our own day. As for Mr. Bellamy's dream, it will, in this writer's opinion, remain always a Utopia, unless man's heart be entirely transformed. In a future article M. de Laveleye will show the invincible objections which exist to such an ideal as pure Communism. To be usefully read together with the paper just alluded to is "Profit-Sharing," by Professor J. Shield Nicholson. Somewhat out of date, but still interesting, is Mr. Andrew Lang on "Mr. Wilkie Collins's Novels." Besides, we have Mr. Freeman on "The Latest Theories on the Origin of the English," Mr. M. G. Mulhall on "Brazil, Past and Future," Mr. Stopford Brooke on "Robert Browning," and the Bishop of Ripon on "Brotherhoods." It will be seen, therefore, that the *Contemporary* begins the New Year with a very solid number.

The *New Review* opens with a poem by Mr. Swinburne, entitled "A Swimmer's Dream," beginning:—

Dawn is dim on the dark soft water,  
Soft and passionate, dark and sweet,  
Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter  
Fair and flawless from face to feet.

Under the heading "Candour in English Fiction," Mr. Walter Besant, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and Mr. Thomas Hardy discuss the *pros* and *cons* for realism in English fiction. Mr. Besant says, "Those writers who yearn to treat of the adulteress and the courtesan because they love to dwell on images of lust are best kept in check by existing discouragements. The modern Elephants may continue to write in French." Mrs. Lynn Linton thinks differently. "Mature men and women," she writes, "should not sacrifice truth and common sense in literature for the sake of the Young Person. The locked book-case is better." Mr. Hardy would have one magazine exclusively for adults, another to be confined to the middle-aged and old. Such literature should not exhibit lax views of life, but the position of man and woman in Nature might be taken up and treated frankly.—Besides, we have Lady Dilke on "Trades' Unionism for Women," Mr. Rider Haggard on "The Fate of Swaziland," and Mr. E. Gosse on "Robert Browning."

There is an interesting paper by Mr. W. G. Bates in *Scribner*, "Water-Storage in the West." The problem discussed here is the reclamation and making fertile vast tracts of land in what is called the "arid region," an area of 1,200,000 square miles, or more than two-fifths of the United States.—Mr. Henry T. Finck writes on "The Beauty of Spanish Women." He is of opinion that the mission of Spain has been to evolve the most perfect type of personal beauty and grace—the *petite brunette*—and to transmit to Europe what is best in Oriental and African physiognomy, especially the large black eyes, and the long dark lashes and arched black brows, without which no eyes, whatever their colour, can be perfect.

In the *English Illustrated* Mr. Alfred Austin answers the question "Is Life Worth Living?" with some pretty and blithesome verse:—

So long as that which bursts the bud,  
And swells and tunes the rill,  
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,  
Life is worth living still.

A capital descriptive paper is "The Straits Settlements," by Sir Frederick Dickson, K.C.M.G. Mrs. Lecky is interesting on "Dutch Girlhood." Mr. Walter Besant writes "The Do's House; and After," taking up Ibsen's characters twenty years after the scene of bathos with which his play concludes. We have the tragedy which is the natural outcome of such egotism and infantine self-will as Norah Helmer's.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Honorary Secretary of the Egypt Exploration Fund, gives us in the *Century* "Bubastis: An Historical Study." The story is true, and as marvellous as true. As the prefatory note to the paper says, "It rarely happens that the pen of the novelist is inspired by archaeological facts, and withal the pen of a gifted and favourite author turned aside from romance, though it be only for a while, because she has found the Valley of the Nile more enchanting and its soil full of tales more strange than fiction." There is an amusingly-illustrated paper by Mr. Henry James on "Daumier, Caricaturist." A brief biography of Professor Bryce, of whom an excellent portrait forms the frontispiece of the magazine, concludes the number.

*St. Nicholas* for January appears to justify its claim to be the ideal young folks' magazine. It is charmingly illustrated, well printed, and generally bright in appearance. During the coming year it will contain four important serial stories by four well-known authors. Athletic and out-door sports will be a special feature in the future. Its recent enlargement makes it an excellent shilling's-worth.

Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., begins in the January number of *Longman* a serial entitled "Virginie: a Tale of One Hundred Years Ago."—Mr. W. H. Pollock writes a suggestive little poem, "The Idol," of which the opening verse runs:—

I have known it young, I have known it old,  
I have found an idol of purest gold,  
And yet there has always come a day  
When I saw that the idol's feet were clay.

Jean Ingelow gives an interesting first instalment of "The History of an Infancy." This writer was told by a "woman of genius," that her first recollection was seeing in a nursery a baby who was wrapped in a blue shawl; she thought she was about one year and



en months old. Jean Ingelow found nothing extraordinary in his, as her own memory goes back to the date when she was aged seventeen months.

People ambitious of writing stories, and indeed literary folk generally, will find a good deal of useful information in "News-paper Fiction," a contribution to the January *Lippincott* by Mr. William Westall.—The complete story in this periodical for the current month is "Millicent and Rosalind," by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, of whom a full-page photogravure is given.

Cornhill opens with a bright, if improbable, short story, "Nettle-ship's Score;" while "Circuit Notes" offers a picture, by turns sad and amusing, of the types of humanity to be constantly met with in the dock of an Assize Court.

Mr. Howard Pyle contributes to *Harper* a first paper on "Jamaica, New and Old," charming alike in letterpress and illustration.—Special interest also attaches to "The Russian Army," by a Russian General. It is, of course, warmly eulogistic. This officer says he always found in the Russian soldier, whether in peace or in war, in heat or in cold, in hunger or in thirst, the same desire to oblige, the same abnegation of self for the sake of the safety and the good of others.—Mr. Andrew Lang has a paper on "St. Andrews," illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell; and Mr. Lafcadio Hearn begins a story entitled "Yuma."

The *Atlantic Monthly* begins the year with new covers—an improvement—and a serial, "Sidney," by Miss Margaret Deland.—Dr. O. W. Holmes is lively and frolicsome "Over the Teacups." He talks much of old men this month. Comparing Mr. Gladstone and Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, he says:—"I doubt if Mr. Gladstone, who is fast nearing his eightieth birthday, would boast in the style of Caleb that he was as good a man with his axe as he was when he was forty, but I would back him—if the match were possible—for a hundred shekels against that over-confident old Israelite to cut down and chop up a cedar of Lebanon."

We have received the second number of the *Photographic Quarterly*, published by Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney. It should be appreciated by all the folk of the camera. Future numbers, we are given to understand, will contain a summary of the principal events connected with the advance of the science of photography and its progress as an Art, and will form a complete digest of all matters of interest to all workers in this branch of human activity.

The frontispiece of the *Woman's World* is a delightful group of ladies standing in a road, and in "Winter Costumes."—Mr. Frederick Dolman, in the same magazine, pleasantly introduces us to "Edna Lyall at Home."—Mrs. De Blaquiere is instructive anent "Foreign and English House-keeping."

A beautiful etching, by Mr. J. Dobie, after Mr. Poynter's painting of "A Roman Boat Race," makes a striking frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art*.—Another attraction is "Loch Torridon," a poem addressed by Mr. Swinburne to "E. H.," a poem moreover admirably illustrated by engravings from Mr. J. MacWhirter's drawings of the scenes described in verse.

"Neptune," an etching from Mr. C. W. Kennedy's painting, is the frontispiece of the *Art Journal*. A feature in the magazine is an elaborately-illustrated reprint of Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding."

*Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches* opens with a good steeple-chase story, "Old Oxford Days," by "Peckwater;" "Touch and Go," by Will Pocklington, is a thrilling tale of ice-boat adventure, while the other matter in this popular quarterly is not below the level of its special reputation.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

FOR some years past every winter exhibition at Burlington House has been smaller than that immediately preceding it. The present collection contains only 100 oil pictures, many of which have appeared here before; but they are supplemented by a series of original drawings and models by Alfred Stevens that cannot fail to raise him greatly in the estimation of the public. Two or three of the earlier English masters, and several of the seventeenth-century Dutch *genre* and landscape painters, are seen almost, if not quite, at their best. The pictures of Rembrandt and Velasquez hanging in the third gallery, however, constitute the most important feature of the display. In no previous exhibition here has the great Spanish master been so largely represented. First in order among his works—which, together with a few other Spanish pictures, are ranged on the north wall—is a charming three-quarter length portrait of "Mariana of Austria." This and the full-length of "Don Balthazar Carlos," from the Buckingham Palace collection, are excellent examples of his mature style. Though inferior to these in many ways, and specially in colour, the very much earlier full-length of "Adrian Pulido Pareja," standing with a bâton in his right hand and an expression of stern determination on his forbidding face, is a very strong piece of work, admirable as a rendering of individual character, and painted with masterly breadth and vigour. A very different phase of the painter's art is seen in the large "Venus and Cupid," lent by Mr. R. A. Moritt. The figure of the goddess gracefully reclining on a couch with her back to the spectator and her face reflected in a mirror held by a winged Cupid kneeling beside her, if not a type of abstract beauty, is finely proportioned. The destructive handiwork of the picture-cleaner is evident in the upper part of the figure, but the lower limbs retain their pristine beauty of colour, and are drawn and modelled in their masterly style. Among the other Spanish pictures are two well-known Murillos and four figures of ascetic saints by that most gloomy and austere of religious painters, Francesco Zurbaran. The full-length of "St. Benedict," standing in an attitude of adoration with an earthen vessel in his hand, is a remarkably good example of his work.

We next come upon a series of four life-sized pictures by Rembrandt, all belonging to his best period. His penetrating perception of individual character, his mastery of colour, and his dignified simplicity and breadth of style are perhaps best shown in the half-length of "A Man," lent by Lord Ashburton, and in the sympathetic "Portrait of an Old Lady." Scarcely, if at all, inferior to these is the bust portrait of himself, with a profoundly melancholy expression on his aged face. Although they want some of the fine qualities that distinguish these, the examples of Rembrandt's comparatively early work, ranged in the second gallery, are full of interest. Close by the door is a portrait of himself strongly resembling two or three others that he painted about the same period, and near it an admirable little three-quarter length of his

friend "Van Copenoll," the calligraphist. Then there is a broadly painted and life-like head of "An Old Man," and a portrait of a richly attired lady in which the light reflected from the large white ruff on the shadowed side of the face is rendered with subtle skill. On the same wall as the Rembrandts in the large gallery are three Van Dycks, including the well-known half-length of "Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel," from Stafford House, and one of the best pictures by Thomas de Keyser that we remember to have seen. It represents the "Regents of the Guild of Silversmiths, Amsterdam," grouped together with the productions of their craft in their hands. The figures have not the variety and vivacity of gesture and expression generally to be seen in the Guild pictures of Van der Helst, but every one of them is distinctly individual and life-like, and is painted with remarkable solidity and strength.

Strikingly in contrast with these works are the full-length portraits, of half a century earlier, representing the two Veres, the ladies connected with them by birth or marriage, and the officers who served under them in the Netherlands and the Palatinate, occupying the fourth room. Some of them are ascribed to Daniel Mytens and the others to unknown Dutch painters, but they so closely resemble each other in executive manner and in arrangement that a criticism of any one would be equally applicable to all the rest. On looking at these works, one is first impressed by the enormous amount of labour that has been lavished on their production. The stiff brocaded dresses encrusted with jewels, the richly embroidered mantles, the armour, the heraldic devices, and the feathers are depicted with the most elaborate care, but the men and women who inhabit them, standing in formal and constrained attitudes, are inanimate, and appear incapable of movement.

## THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA OF GERMANY

ON Tuesday last, at half-past four in the afternoon, the Empress Augusta passed away—the most illustrious victim who has yet succumbed to the prevailing epidemic. She was attacked by the disease last week, and her great age and her always-delicate con-



stitution rendered her an easy prey. Maria Louise Augusta Catherine—to give her her full name—was the daughter of the Grand-Duke Charles Frederick of Saxe-Weimar, and was born on September 30th, 1811. On June 11th, 1829, when only seventeen years of age, she married the then Prince William of Prussia, and was therefore his partner through all the varied incidents of his life, the vicissitudes which preceded his ascent of the throne in 1861, the wars with Denmark, Austria, and France, which paved the way for the Empire, and its final establishment in 1870. The year 1888 was a very sad one for the Empress Augusta, inasmuch as the death of her husband in March was succeeded, only three months later, by that of her beloved son, the Emperor Frederick, and no one would have been surprised if she had soon followed them to the tomb. But, despite her feeble health, she was possessed of wonderful vitality, and even at the last the crowds assembled round the palace were surprised when the end came. The Emperor and the Empress Victoria were at the bedside. The weakness of the Empress Augusta's health accounts for the juvenility of our portrait, as of late years she has never been taken. It is from a photograph by F. Jamrath and Son, Berlin.

THE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SCHEME, which has done such good work in England of late years, is now to be tried in the United States. Many of the chief University professors take a lively interest in the matter, and have formed classes in Brooklyn. The course of studies is the same as in England.



MR. TOOLE has been playing during the present week in farewell performances of *Paul Pry* and *Domestic Economy*. Poole's inquisitive hero is one of the most popular of those impersonations which Mr. Toole has made his own; and hardly less is to be said of his John Grumley in Mark Lemon's farce, or rather homely little comedietta; for there is too much truth and humour in the picture of the tyrannical gardener's household for this clever little piece to be placed in the category of farce. To-night, the bill changes once more—*The Don* and Mr. Hollingshead's *Birthplace of Podgers* taking the place of the above two pieces.

Old Baddeley's hundred pounds stock still stands, we believe, in the names of trustees for the purpose of providing an annual cake to be eaten at DRURY LANE on Twelfth Night; but when compared with the splendid entertainment which Mr. Harris provides for his legion of guests on the "Baddeley Night," the original feast is like the acorn to the stately oak. It is on the vast stage of Drury Lane at midnight, when the curtain has fallen on the pantomime, and professional paint and costumes have given way to clean faces and plain attire, that these revels begin; nor do they end till the lingering dawn of a winter's morning has fallen.

As Mr. Laurence Barrett, the American actor, is once more on his way to England, it may be that he will fulfil his promise of appearing here as Tresham in *A Blot in the Scutcheon*. Unhappily, Mr. Browning, who looked forward to this experiment with great interest, has not been spared to witness the performance. Mr. Barrett's friends claim that his revival of this piece has been successful in the United States. That it would be successful here seems more than doubtful. The representation given by the enthusiasts of the Browning Society a few years ago in London only served to convince the judicious that, great poet though he was, Mr. Browning has failed to grasp the conditions of a practical success upon the stage.

Three theatres are just now playing Shakespeare in New York. At the Fifth Avenue it is *Twelfth Night*; at Palmer's, where Mr. Richard Mansfield's star is in the ascendant, it is *Richard III.*; and at Daly's, where Miss Rehan, who is well-known to London playgoers, is playing *Rosalind*, it is *As You Like It*. The Daly company appear to miss the keynote of our old poetical comedies. Neither Miss Rehan's performance, nor Mr. John Drew's Orlando, nor Mr. Lewis's Touchstone is accounted a success by the New York critics.

The mystery of the alleged interview, published in the *New York Saturday Review*, in which Miss Jessie Millward was reported to have delivered a variety of oracular opinions regarding Shakespeare, actors, acting, and things in general, is at last cleared up. Miss Millward's repudiation of the dialogues which have found their way into English papers is confirmed by the announcement of the paper that it had been imposed upon by a dishonest reporter, since dismissed.

Miss Cissy Grahame will take the management of TERRY'S Theatre during Mr. Edward Terry's eight months' holiday abroad. She will produce a satirical comedy by Mr. J. K. Jerome. Mr. Penley and Miss Gertrude Kingston will be members of her company.

Mr. Harrington Bailey states that he adheres to his intention of changing the name of the NOVELTY Theatre; but he will obviate the chances of confusion in dramatic annals by calling it not "The Queen's," but "The New Queen's."

*The Old Homestead*, a drama that has been played for more than a year past in New York, will be reproduced at the PRINCESS'S Theatre at the end of the run of *Master and Man*.

Mr. Benson, who, by the way, a correspondent assures us, is not a nephew of the Archbishop of Canterbury, will revive *The Taming of the Shrew*. It will be presented on the 16th and 17th inst., and will subsequently be played every Thursday and Friday till further notice. With the exception of these dates, Mr. Benson's beautiful revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will continue to hold its ground.

The list of actors and actresses who have been placed *hors de combat* by the recent epidemic would probably more than match that of any other profession; for the draughts, the late hours, and the wear and tear of the stage are eminently favourable to the designs of this insidious foe. Mrs. Bernard Beere, after a week's suffering, bravely returned to her arduous duties in *La Tosca* on Saturday evening. Mrs. Bancroft was reported, at latest date, to be just able to take a cup of clear turtle. Mr. Thomas Thorne has been compelled to give up for the present his intention of producing the new Richardsonian comedy by Mr. Buchanan, who, by the way, has also been a sufferer, as have Mr. F. Leslie, Miss Violet Cameron Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Glenney, and Mr. Marius. Of less prominent performers, the roll of the missing is very extensive.

Mr. Irving adheres to the old-fashioned custom, or rather once-peremptory regulation of the Lord Chamberlain, and closes on Ash Wednesday. He will take the opportunity, this year, of devoting the evening (February 19th) to the delivery of an address to the Wolverhampton Literary and Scientific Society, of which he is the president. At night he will be entertained at a grand banquet.

*The School for Scandal* will be revived at the VAUDEVILLE to-night, in the place of *Joseph's Sweetheart*.

At the COMEDY on Tuesday afternoon a new play, in five acts, by Mr. Frank Lindo, was produced. *A Sinless Secret* is a story of the Franco-German war, strongly resembling in its main idea—that of a woman who allows her husband to believe her faithless for fear of betraying a relative (in this case a not very reputable father) to the enemy—Lovell's play *The Wife's Secret*. It was not very warmly received, although the part of the heroine gave Miss Marion Lea a chance of displaying her emotional power. A new comedietta, *Mademoiselle de Lira*, produced on the same occasion, fell somewhat flat. Here again, however, the part of the heroine was well played by Mrs. Thompson, joint authoress with Miss K. Sinclair of the piece.

Mr. Irving has, according to *The World*, presented his old and intimate friend, Mr. Toole, with a new year's gift in the shape of a handsome gold box of the Louis XV. period, with the names both of the recipient and the giver traced in brilliants on the lid.



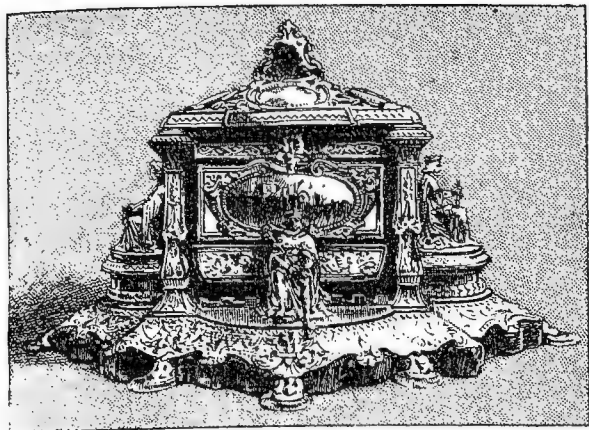


GREEK WOMEN MAKING SILK AND GOLD THREAD VEILS IN THE FACTORY AT ATHENS  
DRAWN BY S. NELTON FISHER



## GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO THE EX-MAYOR OF CARLISLE

MR. JAMES ROBERT CREIGHTON, J.P., is a brother of the Rev. Mandell Creighton, the well-known historian, and has been connected with Cumberland and Carlisle all his life. His official connection with the city dates from about fifteen years ago. In 1880 he was elected Mayor, and he discharged the duties of the office so successfully that in 1888 the citizens again paid him the compliment of appointing him their Chief Magistrate. Towards the end of last year the opening of the New Markets at Carlisle was made the occasion of an interesting presentation to Mr. and Mrs.



Creighton. The Mayoress was presented with a handsome diamond bracelet, and the Mayor with the Freedom of the City, enclosed in a gold casket, of which we give an illustration. It is of 18-carat gold, eleven inches long at the base, eight inches in height, and eight inches wide. Views of Carlisle Castle and Cathedral, together with figures of Agricola, the Roman founder of Carlisle, William Rufus, Edward the First, and Thomas de Alaynby, the first historical Mayor of Carlisle, are among the ornaments. The work was executed by Mr. J. A. Wheatley, goldsmith, Carlisle; and our engraving is taken from a photograph by Messrs. Benjamin Scott and Son, Carlisle.



THOSE who travel through India with Lady Dufferin will never complain of dullness. If only the showmen at panoramas could, even in a slight degree, master the secret which gives a charm to every page of "Our Viceregal Life in India" (Murray), how different those well-meant but often wearying exhibitions would be! There is plenty to tell about, for Lady Dufferin went everywhere, even to the land of the Karens. She saw everybody, too; Begums at home, Rajahs great and small, Parsee ladies at their afternoon tea, Nana Sahib's sister (shivering in the cold of Simla), the Ameer (at Rawul Pindi), and the ubiquitous Prince of Saxe Weimar, who would drive home, "knocking up against bullock-carts and swaying about the road," replying to the shrieks of the ladies:—"Sat is nosing; my life is not expensive." Trollying down the Himalayas; visiting zenanas (and actually getting her husband behind the *purdahs*) going over native schools (the Maharanees of Mysore seem wonderfully well arranged); dancing at fancy balls (at one of which the Viceroy, dressed as an Arab, mystified everyone, his wife included); sitting out a Burmese play, specially abridged for the occasion;—her ladyship must have thoroughly enjoyed the life which she so admirably describes. Her kind thought for servants and inferiors comes out in almost every chapter. The way she makes her stove-feeder (a ragged native) sit in a warm corner during a big "function" at Rawul Pindi, is a lesson that all Anglo-Indians should take to heart. She never loses sight of the zenana work which she has so thoroughly made her own. Need, indeed, for lady-doctors, when, in Scinde, even a man's picture is not admitted into a harem. The only unpleasant bits in these volumes are the note on Theebaw's loot—one cannot help feeling glad that "his ladies were too sharp for our soldiers, and managed to walk off with everything"—and the ugly fact that "in the Minhla pagodas very few Buddhas remain, and those have lost their heads. The first night the Mahomedan soldiers got in they defaced every image." One naturally asks:—Why use Mahomedan soldiers if the object is to conciliate the Burmese?

M. A. Wolff in the "Figaro Salon" (Paris: Goupil) is anxious to prove that the yearly Salon did not suffer owing to the transference of several pictures to the Champ de Mars. There was considerable anxiety on this point. Some were strongly of opinion that two Exhibitions of pictures would be too much. The Salon, however, includes an artists' benevolent society. So it was decided to open at all risks; and "our artists particularly exerted themselves to show Europe what we could do on this great anniversary." Some of the pictures were certainly admirable; and the way in which they are here reproduced is beyond all praise. Every style is represented; for, as M. Wolff shows in his brilliant sketch of French Art history, since 1830, *i.e.*, since the Institut has been de-throned, there has been free scope for everybody instead of the "style officiel" fighting the irreconcilables. Of pure landscape we have G. Pelouse's trees; of animals and figures, Dupre's prairie and D. K. Knight's very striking Milletesque girl and sheep; of *genre*, Madame Demont Breton's touching "L'Homme est en Mer," and Friant's "La Toussaint." As to war, two pictures entitled "En Avant," Boutigny's "Un Brave" (a *franc tireur* picking off two Prussians in the street of Epinal before he is shot down), Outin's terrible episode in the sad, sad Quiberon blunder, show that the mantle of De Neuville has fallen on not unworthy shoulders. M. Wolff gives almost exaggerated praise to Dagnan's "Bretonnes au Pardon"; we should select as among the very best L'Hermite's "Claude Bernard in his Laboratory." Some of the marine pieces are full of life, *e.g.*, Haquette's "Fishing Boat Being Pushed Off." Loustannau's "Ecole des Ponts" at Bougival is as wonderful as any of Frith's pieces. The comic comes out in Denneulin's "Pleasure Party"; they went out gull-shooting, but they are all as sick as dogs; and also in Frappa's "Returned Missionary," such a contrast to the fat monks who stayed at home. Of course there is too much of the nude for English tastes; Duran in "Bacchus," M. Wolff thinks, outdoes Rubens. He is certainly more realistic. Flesh upon flesh in Bonnot's "Idylle" is simply marvellous. To those Art lovers who did not see this year's Salon, and to those who did, this record of it is equally valuable.

Those who want to give a good Christmas book should choose "Westminster Abbey" (Seeley), with Mr. W. J. Loftie's text and Mr.

Herbert Railton's illustrations. The latter are exceedingly beautiful—so beautiful that they will force attention on many a corner of which the passer-by has never discovered the richness or the artistic merit. Mr. Loftie's text is, of course, lively and full of facts. He is very strong on the shortcomings of modern Gothic as compared with Wren's. "Our teachers—Ruskin, Pugin, Scott—say, 'Take care of your details, think of your mouldings; leave the mass, the relations of wall-space and openings, &c., to take care of themselves.'" He instances the contrast between the "disgraceful" porch of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and Wren's tower. He thinks "the new north front of Westminster" (replacing Wren's work) "will be found to offend against every canon of taste which gives this north transept its grandeur." "The much-abused western towers," he says, "are not Wren's at all; he was dead a dozen years before. Brayley talks of them as Grecian!" Mr. Loftie notes the paucity of interesting epitaphs, and of really good monuments. Gilbert's to Mr. Fawcett he reckons almost the best piece of work in the building. He is justly hard on Joseph's caricature of Wilberforce. Of course he asks why some people have Abbey monuments and not others—Grote, but not Green, Burns, but not Byron, &c., this being one of those mysteries "that no fellow can understand."

We shall not go wrong if some of our New Year's bounty finds its way to "The Poor Sisters of Nazareth" (Burns and Oates), Mrs. Meynell's account of whose house and work is illustrated with Mr. G. Lambert's excellent sketches. One fancies their founder, Cardinal Wiseman, must have been reading "Flemish Interiors," so much do their rules, dress, &c., resemble those of St. John's Hospital, Bruges. It is a cumbrous dress; and Mrs. Meynell hazards the suggestion that a Pope at Chicago will by and by arrange something more suitable and not less sister-like. Unlike Dr. Barnardo, the sisters take strict account of the parents' wishes about education; and they keep no girls over twelve years of age who are not of their faith. For their free dinners they give no tickets, but fix the hour before noon that only the unemployed may be able to come. Being all ladies, they are fewer than they were, "bad times" telling on the necessary dowries. The power of organisation they have shown is wonderful.

The "young parish priest" had best study the Rev. H. W. Thrupp's "Aid to Visitation" (Chapman and Hall) at home, instead of simply taking it to the sick room as a pocket companion. Nothing needs so much tact as visiting the sick poor. The visit seldom succeeds unless the sufferer is persuaded that his parson would be just as outspoken, and would deal just as exclusively with "heavenly things," if he was visiting the squire in his illness. These readings are well-chosen, and are matched with suitable exhortations. We do not think Mr. Thrupp has improved on the address at the end of the Marriage Service.

"The Chaplet of Amaranth" (James Burns), by the author of "From Over the Tomb," is interwoven of golden thoughts on this life and the next. The little book is one for all, not for those only who hold its author's special views.

In "Come Ye Apart" (Nelson) Dr. J. R. Miller, of Philadelphia, has chosen a suitable text for every day in the year, and has added a short "reading," in which its teaching is enforced and expanded. He rightly remarks that in private prayer people are too apt to forget the Bible reading—"God Talking to Us;" and, besides our lengthy readings, we need one word to feed on during the day.

"Ad Orientem" (Allen) is just the sort of book that Anglo-Indians delighted in forty years ago—large print, pictures not photo-gravures, style *naïf*, few reflections, and, without any pretence, six times as much information as one gets from the average globe-trotter. In one respect Mr. Frederickson surpasses these older worthies. His plates of trees and flowers and fruits (among them the beautiful jungle cotton) are in the latest and best style of coloured engraving. Everywhere, from Bombay to Japan, he is strong in botany, but he by no means neglects other matters. His account of the Elephanta and Ellora cave-temples is fresh and graphic; so is his sketch of Benares. He saw a good deal of Ceylon; met in Java Prince Raden-Saleh, who is the Djalma of Sue's "Wandering Jew;" and discusses with insight the Dutch forced-labour system. Mr. Frederickson went eastward during the Franco-Prussian War; but he has brought his book up to date.

Mr. S. J. Hickson's "Naturalist in North Celebes" (Murray) is as solid as Mr. Frederickson's book is light. Schematic geological sections, diagrams showing the anatomy of polypes, notes on exogamy, on head-flattening, diseases, legends—enough to overweight any ordinary travel-book. And yet, while the retired and idle Anglo-Indian will go "Ad Orientem," three readers out of five will stick to "The Naturalist." He suits the temper of the time; and he breaks new ground. Since Mr. Wallace no one has told us much about islands which, as most of them are very unhealthy, we considerably leave to the Dutch. It is amusing to read of the ball at Manado, with the orders shouted out in French by the M.C., while the dances were the round and square ones of Holland, almost within hail of a country (Mindanao) where, when a son is born and named, the father (belonging to his wife's family) loses his own name, and becomes simply "Father of So-and-so." One remark deserves printing for distribution among sailors: "The commonest cause of troubles with natives is Jack's cutting down a cocoa-nut tree. He thinks it is a forest-tree, and belongs to nobody. The traveller should act on the maxim that every cocoa-nut is private property." A little doll (*uro*) hung in the tree effectually keeps off the native robber; let us hope that if he adopts Christianity his notions of *meum* and *tuum* may not grow hazier.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN has published in his "Cameo" Series "A London Plane-Tree, and Other Verse," by Amy Levy. A sad interest attaches to the volume because of the early death of the promising author, who, indeed, corrected its proofs only about a week before she passed away. The gloom of the tomb seems to hang over the verse, and a pervading sadness of thought with regard to life's mysteries finds expression at the outset in the Dedication to Miss Clementina Black:

The secret of our being, who can tell?  
To praise the gods and Fate is not my part.  
Evil I see, and pain; within my heart  
There is no voice that whispers: "All is well."  
Yet fair are days in summer; and more fair  
The growths of human goodness here and there.

Melancholy is not entirely absent from the love-lyrics, in which what Schiller calls a "nameless longing" is often prettily and tenderly expressed. One of the most suggestive poems in this book of graceful utterance is "Captivity." There is a special significance now in the question of the two last stanzas:

When the chain shall at last be broken,  
The window set wide;  
And I step in the largeness and freedom  
Of sunlight outside;  
Shall I wander in vain for my country?  
Shall I seek and not find?  
Shall I cry for the bars that encage me,  
The fetters that bind?

The many admirers of Mr. John James Piatt will welcome a little book of sonnets from his pen, entitled, "A Book of Gold" (Elliot Stock). They are informed by a gracious, manly, tender thought, and there is small fault to find with their music and cadence. There is no mawkishness about Mr. Piatt. "To a Poet:

on His Marriage" he says anent the saw that an artist should wed only with his art:—

And I would grant it holy truth indeed,  
Did Art want men in whom the man was dead—  
Pale priesthood. But with fullest life instead,  
She ordains her truer worshippers; her need  
Is men who live as well as dream their deed:  
She loves to see her lovers sweat for bread.

"E. H. B.'s" "The Exile's Return, and Other Poems" (J. Palmer, Cambridge) shows laudable effort, but scarcely rises above a commonplace level, though in one composition, "Good-Bye," supposed to be addressed by a dying husband to his wife, there is a pathos which should appeal to the hearts of a number of people.

The American representative at Edinburgh, Mr. Wallace Bruce, gives us "In Clover and Heather" (Blackwood). As the author observes in the poem:—

In purple tints woven together  
The Hudson shakes hands with the Tweed,  
Comingling with Abbotsford's heather  
The clover of Sunnyside's mead.

Mr. Wallace Bruce is a Scotchman, who does not forget Scotland, although he has become an American citizen. One rather startling outcome of his enthusiasm is "Scott's Greeting to Burns." He mentions in an explanatory note that here we have Scott's statue introducing Burns's statue to Shakespeare's in Central Park, New York, the night after the unveiling of Burns's statue in 1880, "the three statues being within easy-speaking distance of each other." Sir Walter remarks:—

"O Robbie, if we had a plaid,  
We'd quite convert yon Stratford lad,  
He lies in mirth, but yester-morn  
"I'm Scotch in wit, though English-born."

Sir Walter must have been mistaken. There is more true "wut" in this poem than in the whole of Shakespeare. But it is beyond question that "In Clover and Heather" contains many fine poems and lyrics, full of freshness and brightness, informed by ardent patriotism, gentle sentiment, and domestic love. And there is always room for good healthy genuine poetry, and the motto verse of the volume says well:—

The forests are not all felled,  
Nor the flowers all swept from the sod;  
And the words are not all spelled  
That declare the glory of God.

We have from the pen of Professor Stuart Blackie "A Song of Heroes" (Blackwood). The Professor's plan has been to select a sequence of the most notable names in European and West Asian history during a period of more than three thousand years, as the bearers and exponents of the different ages to which they belong; thus Moses, St. Paul, Socrates, Cromwell, and so on, form the subjects of different poems. The metre is invariable throughout, and therefore the four-lined stanza tends to cloy by its monotony. Still the author writes with fire and vigour, and is instructive, if not very entertaining. From one verse, descriptive of Nelson's retirement after victory, an idea may be formed of the whole:—

'Mid the leafy shades of Merton;  
Where the fishful Wandle flows  
With the friends that dearly love him,  
He will woo the sweet repose.

## THE GUZERAT PIG-STICKING CUP

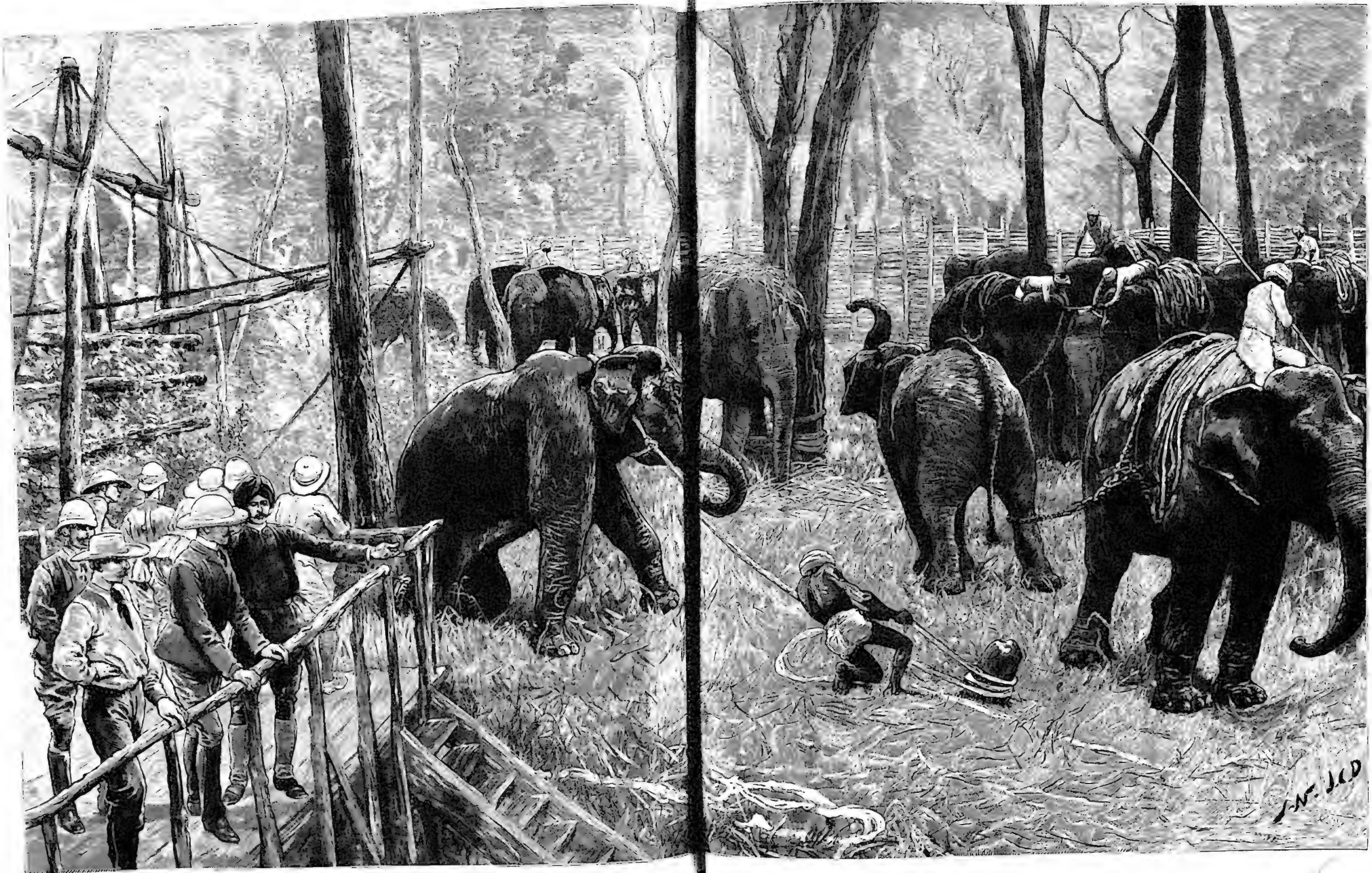
IN all popular sports there is a tendency sooner or later to institute competitions and give prizes. Therefore one can hardly be surprised that pig-sticking, though its votaries are, we may be sure, fully content with the excitement of the sport and the honour and glory of a successful "kill," should have had this additional attraction imparted to it. For several years now a competition has



been annually held in the Bombay Presidency, and a cup awarded to the winner. We append an engraving of the trophy won last year by J. L. Symons, Esq., of Bombay. It is a three-handled Manx cup. One of the shields bears the representation of the hunt in progress, another a speared pig in bold relief, and the third an inscription. The cup was designed by F. C. Macrae, Esq., and the work executed by Messrs. Lund, Blockley, and Carter, of Bombay.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN ENGLISH AND GERMAN UNIVERSITY LIFE must have struck all British visitors to Teutonic University towns; and the difference of the two systems was recently explained in an interesting lecture by Dr. Schüddikopf at Bedford College, York Place. German students are kept under far less rigid discipline than their English brethren; but they are, as a rule, much older when they enter the Universities, which are intended to give training in special subjects rather than to afford general culture. Though the examinations are not so frequent as in England, they are much more severe. Little paper work is done; but the student must endure a lengthy *vivâ voce* catechism, the examiners attaching more importance to the candidate's general grasp of the subject than to his knowledge of details. He must, however, write an exhaustive dissertation, which may take months to prepare. The lecturer stated that when competing for his Doctor's degree he spent a year writing his "Dissertation on Philology," and then underwent nine hours *vivâ voce* on eight difficult subjects by as many professors. Women are not admitted to University degrees in Germany as yet, but a *Frauenverein* has been formed to agitate for the privilege.





MR. SANDERSON PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR THE SALAVALU OF MYSORE

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA ELEPHANT CATCHING IN MYSORE  
IN A KEDDAH CONSTRUCTED BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNMENT IN HONOUR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S VISIT



An incident is related in connection with a visit of the poet Coleridge to the Lakes' district which forcibly illustrates an ingenious method then in vogue of evading postage. Halting at the door of a way-side inn just as the postman had delivered a letter to the barmaid, he noticed that after turning it over and over, she returned it to the postman, saying she could not afford to pay the postage, which was a shilling. This the poet gallantly insisted on paying, in spite of some resistance on the barmaid's part, which seemed quite natural, but he was rather astonished afterwards to learn that the envelope had told her all she wanted to know, she and her brother having pre-arranged that a few hieroglyphics on the cover should convey all that was wanted to be told, whilst the letter contained no writing. "We are so poor," she added, "that

That the successful result of Rowland Hill's two years' agitation was hailed throughout the length and breadth of the country with the greatest possible satisfaction, needs no recording. The event forms certainly one of the happiest and brightest pages not alone in Post Office history, but also in national history; and in duly celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of that grand event, let us not forget, amid the enjoyment of the innumerable benefits conferred by that great scheme, the memory of him who conceived, thought out, and successfully brought into operation, what may justly be recorded as the greatest social reform of the present century.

the Educational, affairs of the Canton. From 1857 to 1886 he was also a member of the Upper House of the National Assembly, presiding for two terms over its deliberations. Chosen then to the Federal Council, he assumed charge first of the Military, and afterwards of the Post and Railway portfolio, and he has remained in charge of the latter up to the present time. The reorganisation of the Swiss Army in 1874 was principally Herr Welter's work. He also took an important part in the scheme for building the St. Gotthard Railway. He is a far-seeing statesman, a deep thinker, a striking speaker, and enjoys, on account of his impartiality, the respect and confidence of all political parties.—Our portraits are from photographs by A. Wicky, Interlaken, Berne, Switzerland.





SKETCHES IN THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE—A COMMON JURY



## SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS

VII.

COMMON JURIES come in for a good deal of undeserved abuse. It is, of course, true that among those summoned to serve upon them are many who are, to say the least, obtuse and stupid. Nor are Common Jurymen, as a whole, very appreciative of legal subtleties. The most skilled advocates often have a difficulty in bringing home their most effective points, and find that flowers of rhetoric are of very little use. It is, of course, not unnatural that a forensic orator who prides himself upon his power of declamation should be a little annoyed when he finds that it has all been thrown away upon the jury. Nor is it to be altogether wondered at that a keen lawyer who has found out one or more of those lovely technicalities (which seem to be designed to obstruct the course of justice) should be exasperated when he discovers that the jury are insensible to its beauties. In short, Common Juries possess too much common sense to be exactly popular. They bring a good deal of hard-headed, possibly somewhat prejudiced, but, nevertheless, fairly sensible business capacity to bear upon the issues submitted to them. That they are insensible to legal refinements will not be, perhaps, considered a blemish by those who appreciate those intellectual subtleties at their true worth.

But in order to understand the capacity of Common Jurors it may be desirable to look at the qualifications required, which are regulated by statute. Every man who is an adult and under sixty years of age, and who possesses "within the county within which he resides, 10*l.* a-year beyond reprises in lands and tenements, or in rents issuing out of same in fee simple, fee, fee tail, or the like, or 20*l.* a-year in leaseholds held for twenty-one years or longer, or is a leaseholder rated to the Poor Rate or House Duty in Middlesex on a value of not less than 30*l.*, or in any other county on a value of 20*l.*, or who shall occupy a house containing not less than fifteen windows, shall be qualified and liable to serve on juries for the trial of all issues joined at the Superior Courts and Courts of Assize, Nisi Prius, &c., &c., such issues being triable in the county where he resides." In the City, however, no one can be returned to try issues joined in the Superior Courts unless he be a householder or occupier of a shop, warehouse, counting-house, chambers, or office, for the purpose of trade within the City, and possesses lands, tenements, or personal estate of the value of 100*l.* Now, although of course this must embrace a very mixed class (and as appears from the Jurors' Book itself, Common Jurors are undoubtedly mixed, socially as well as intellectually), there is no necessity for that cheap claptrap, of which we hear so much, as to their mental incapacities.

Common jurors, like all other classes, differ, and it often happens that among many decent working men, tradesmen, and respectable citizens, there are some specimens which are not a credit to their citizenship. Sometimes, indeed (as represented by our illustration) jurymen will even go to sleep during the trial, and when the jury rise for consultation, and in that suggestively solemn way so very literally "put their heads together," one or more of them frequently seek to hide their indifference as to the result. The sleepy old gentleman on the left hand side of the box in our illustration did not even move when the jury consulted, and evidently had no mind to wake up, for when he was questioned he simply jogged his elbow into the questioning jurymen's side with a shake of his head, accompanied by a silly smile.

The obstinate juror is a special type. There are stories without number how one man has stuck out against eleven for hours, if not for days, together. It is even said that some jurors arrive provided with large supplies of refreshments to be consumed before the indignant gaze of their exasperated colleagues. In our illustration on the right hand side of the box will be seen a specimen of this genus resting his chin on his hands. On the occasion taken advantage of by our artist he stuck out for hours although the others had come to a decision.

In the old days they had a summary means of getting over little difficulties of this character, for it was, once upon a time, the custom if eleven were agreed for the Court to take the verdict and send the twelfth man to prison. At times, too, it is, we fear, true, that even in these modern days unanimity is arrived at by a short cut. It is not so long since, that, as the story goes, a jury, being hopelessly divided, agreed to put their names on slips of paper into a hat, to draw out six, and return a verdict in accordance with the majority of the six. But, happily, cases of this kind seldom happen, or, at least, are seldom found out, and although not so popular as it once was, trial by jury, even by a Common Jury, is still regarded as one of the grand bulwarks of the liberty of every Englishman.



THE influenza epidemic continues to affect and alarm nearly the whole of Europe. One of its latest victims is the aged German Empress Augusta, who succumbed on Tuesday to inflammation of the lungs, following an attack of the prevailing malady. Though partially paralysed for years past, the Empress was in fairly good health until last week, and as bright, mentally, as ever. She even gave family and military New Year's banquets, but on January 2nd took a chill which developed into influenza. No danger was feared so late as Sunday, although Emperor William on returning from a shooting-party hurried first to the Palace to enquire for his grandmother before going home. On Monday, however, the Empress's strength began to fail, owing to her age and feebleness, and early next morning the Emperor and Empress, with other members of the Imperial Family and the Court dignitaries assembled round the dying Empress, who had been nursed throughout by her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden. Difficulty in breathing set in, and the Empress became unconscious by noon, finally passing away in the afternoon, attended to the last by Court Chaplain Kögel, who was with the Emperor William at his death. A funeral service was held at night in the death-chamber, the deceased Empress looking very peaceful in her white garments, with lilies-of-the-valley in her hand. She will be buried with her husband at Charlottenburg, and a large gathering of foreign Royalties is expected for the funeral. The Empress will be greatly missed in Germany, as she was foremost in every charitable work, and to the last maintained her interest in literary and intellectual pursuits. She would have been seventy-nine next September, and has not survived Emperor William two years, after a union of nearly fifty-eight years.

It is noticeable, indeed, that in GERMANY the influenza has seized the Court and upper classes even more than the poor. The aged Dr. Döllinger has been in danger, and the epidemic throughout the Empire seems unusually fatal. Symptoms and results are much the same in all countries. The disease spreads particularly through public offices and institutions, business of every kind is delayed, the hospitals overflow till the doctors and nurses fall ill, schools and theatres are closed, the rate of sickness grows high among the troops, and nervous people often frighten themselves into the malady. The virulence of the epidemic, however, is abating in Vienna, though not in other parts of AUSTRIA, and appears to have somewhat spent itself in MADRID, while increasing in DEN-

MARK after a temporary decline. HOLLAND and GREECE are now attacked, and SWITZERLAND suffers severely. PARIS hopes that the worst is past, for the mortality diminishes, and fine weather raises the public spirits. The panic has been so great that the French authorities have suppressed as much information as possible, after their usual custom. Thus it is most difficult to estimate the spread of the epidemic accurately, but there is no doubt that both in Paris and the Provinces the visitation has been the most serious and fatal known for many years past. Even in the UNITED STATES the mortality from this cause rose alarmingly, but the outbreak has now entered a milder phase.

The gravity of the dispute between PORTUGAL and GREAT BRITAIN has been accentuated by the sensational news from Nyassa-land. According to a telegram received by the African Lakes Company, the Portuguese have passed the line of the Ruvo and advanced to Katungas on the Shire, which is within the undoubted British limits. As the Makololo refused to surrender the British flags, the Portuguese searched the natives stood on and forced them to lower their ensign, while the natives stood on the defensive, and, adds the report, "war is imminent." Whether this information refers to those exploits of Major Serpa Pinto already known, or to fresh aggressions, cannot be decided with any certainty till fuller details arrive, more especially as the Portuguese authorities at Quillimane will not permit English steamers to carry the British correspondence, but require all such letters to pass through the Portuguese Post Office. Still, in any case, it is plain that while diplomatic arguments proceed courteously and slowly in Europe, the Portuguese act promptly and harshly enough in Africa, producing fatal mischief by impressing the natives with the bad faith and weakness of their British protectors. Portuguese filibustering expeditions spring up on all sides in the Zambesi region, two being now abroad in Mashonaland, besides Major Serpa Pinto's assistants on the Shire. Thus the relations between the two countries become more serious, as the Portuguese public persist that they will not abate a jot of their claims, and one Lisbon journal talks about "repelling the piratical acts of foreign invaders of territories belonging to us." Even the King, when opening the Cortes, dwelt upon the historic rights of the country in the Dark Continent. Happily, the diplomatic negotiations continue in a calmer spirit, and Lord Salisbury's latest Note, though of somewhat peremptory tone, simply protests against Major Serpa Pinto's proceedings in general, without referring to the last exciting reports. The British Circular requests the Portuguese Government to forbid all further aggression forthwith, so as not to interfere with a peaceful diplomatic settlement, and it is hoped generally that this demand will be satisfied at once to avert the rupture which threatens. Alarmists note the movements of British vessels on the East African coast as a sign of war, and, with all their bellicose sentiments, the Portuguese cannot but acknowledge themselves entirely unfit to cope in active warfare with such a Power as Great Britain. Amid the excitement of the moment, Lisbon did not forget to pay homage to the Brazilian Imperial Family when the remains of the late Empress were brought from Oporto to be laid finally in the Royal Pantheon of San Vincent. A preliminary funeral service had been held at the Lapa Church, Oporto.

With the close of the holidays, FRANCE is recovering from her political apathy. The Chamber reassembles in a few days, when the Newfoundland Fisheries question will be brought forward at once, while the approaching municipal elections promise a fresh Boulangist attempt. The irrepressible General will come forward in Paris, where his supporters are concentrating their strength, having lost hope in the provinces. They will first, however, gain some hint of their chances by standing for the elections to the Chamber to replace the unseated Deputies. On their side, the Socialists made a mild demonstration on the anniversary of Blanqui's death, but failed to rouse enthusiasm, the Parisians being much more interested in crowding to see Madame Sarah Bernhardt as Joan of Arc at the Porte St. Martin. The actress has given a new lease of life to M. Barbier's drama, and her acting as the inspired Maid is exceptionally fine. At Beziers an English girl has nearly been killed by a lion in a travelling menagerie. She was hypnotised in the den when the animal pounced upon her, and inflicted terrible injuries.

After hoping for a brilliant festive season, GERMANY is thrown into the deepest mourning by the death of the Empress Augusta. All theatres are closed, every State entertainment is countermanded, and the Germans can only occupy themselves with the funeral ceremonies and Colonial affairs. Contradictory reports about Dr. Peters still prevail, but little doubt is felt of his disastrous fate. His friends are very angry with Lieutenant Rust, the only survivor of the Expedition, who became seriously ill when on his way to join his leader, and turned back on receiving circumstantial news of the Doctor's death without trying to verify the evidence. Major Wissmann claims another success, having destroyed the camp of the rebel chief Bwani Heri, near Saandani—not, however, until he had been severely defeated in a previous attack.

The illness of the little King has made SPAIN very anxious. Such hopes centre on the three-year-old monarch that a perfect panic ensued in Court and Government circles on Saturday, when Alfonso XIII. was suddenly taken ill with indigestion and convulsions. The child soon grew better, nursed devotedly by Queen Christina, who would scarcely quit her son's room, but he has since been feverish and evidently in an unsatisfactory condition, notwithstanding the favourable official statements. This anxiety heightened the difficulties of the Ministerial crisis, already aggravated by Señor Sagasta's protracted efforts to re-form his Cabinet. For months past the Liberal party have been splitting gradually into dissident groups, and leaning towards the Conservatives, till their continued opposition forced the Cabinet to resign. The Queen requested Señor Sagasta to construct a fresh Cabinet, and for days he laboured to conciliate the dissident Liberals and form a strong coalition, which should enable him to pass the Universal Suffrage Bill, with other reforms. But all negotiations failed, and the Queen must now consult the Presidents of the two Houses.

The present current of public feeling on the slavery question has led TURKEY to issue a new law respecting the African slave trade. Henceforward, the traffic in black slaves is prohibited throughout the Ottoman Empire and its dependencies, and all concerned in such traffic will be imprisoned and fined, their victims being freed. Owners taking slave domestics abroad must produce certificates of their employment, and slave seamen must be recorded on the roll of the crew, or all will be declared free, and their employers prosecuted as slave-traders. As both Turkish and British vessels may search and confiscate suspected slavers of either nationality, the ships captured will be handed over to the courts of the respective nations for judgment. Not deeming it wise to protest officially complaining that BULGARIA violates the Berlin Treaty by mortgaging the Railways as security for the new Loan. By the Treaty Austria for allowing the Loan to be quoted on her Bourses.

In INDIA the reception to Prince Albert Victor at Calcutta has been one of the most cordial and imposing functions of the Prince's trip. No pains and expense were spared to decorate the city and packing the roads showed effusive delight and loyalty. Replying

to an Address of Welcome, the Prince dwelt on the loyalty to the Throne he had witnessed repeatedly throughout his journey, which he described as "one of continual pleasure, wonder, and instruction." Visits to public institutions, banquets, balls, and fêtes of every description have occupied the Prince during the week, and on Monday he leaves for Benares. Military expeditions are in full activity with the cold season. Following up the work of the Zhoib Expedition, Sir R. Sandeman is on the Afghan frontier, persuading with much success the Khilzais to accept British friendship. The Chin-Lushai Expedition is not so flourishing, owing to the sickness caused by the damp country through which the troops march. Fully one-fourth of the force under General Symons are ill; while the Chins are beginning to show hostility, and fire on the column. The detachment advancing from Bhamo had a stiff fight at Tonhon, but the Hampshire Regiment and the Goorkhas finally carried the village, with the loss of one European private.

In the UNITED STATES the Senate has been occupied by a long tirade from a Florida Representative on the dangers of German influence in Cuba. Mr. Call declared that Germany virtually possessed the whole control of Cuban affairs, owing to Spanish weakness and financial difficulties, so he entreated the Washington Government to promote the complete independence of the island. His proposal was handed over to the Foreign Relations Committee. The winter on the Pacific coast is the coldest known for years. Snow lies from twelve to sixteen feet deep in the Sierra Nevada. railway traffic is much delayed, and an avalanche at Sierra City, California, killed seven people and injured many others, besides wrecking houses and a church.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In AUSTRIA the Conference between the German and Czech leaders in Bohemia promises to result more favourably than expected. Both sides show a conciliatory spirit, and the Government are most anxious to promote an agreement. Thus, while five Ministers are present at the deliberations, the Emperor has also entertained the delegates at dinner, for, besides the reconciliation of the rival nationalities, His Majesty wishes to bring about a strong union of all Conservative parties to support the Crown against Radicalism.—The fire-flood is certainly abroad in BELGIUM. Following closely on the destruction of the Palace at Laeken—which is described in another column—the Théâtre de la Bourse has been burnt down at Brussels, happily not during the performance. The colliery strike is severe round Charleroi and extends in the Liège district, though it is hoped that a compromise will be concluded, fixing the working-day at ten hours.—RUSSIA will soon take over the command of the Bokharan army, which has been drilled on the Muscovite system, and will be commanded extensively by Russian officers.—The federation scheme in AUSTRALIA has advanced another step. The conference to consider Sir H. Parke's proposals is fixed for the first week of February at Melbourne, where every colony will send a delegate.—Terrible floods devastate North-West Queensland, thirty-five inches of rain having fallen since Christmas.—In CHINA a waterspout near Nanking has caused much loss of life. Over 100 people were drowned in the Yang-tze-Kiang, and many boats sunk.



THE QUEEN will not open Parliament in person this year. Her Majesty continues to suffer considerably from rheumatism, although otherwise well in health, and the fatigue and exposure caused by a full-dress ceremony in the winter might increase her malady. At present the Queen remains at Osborne. Lord George Hamilton dined with Her Majesty at the end of last week, and on another evening the Band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry played before the Royal circle. Countess Feodore Gleichen arrived on Saturday on a visit, while next day the Queen and Princesses attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. A. Peile officiated. Monday being the Feast of the Epiphany, the customary Royal offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh was made on behalf of the Queen at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

The Prince and Princess of Wales gave their annual Tenants' Ball at Sandringham at the close of last week. Numerous guests were staying in the house for the dance, where the Princes and many other gentlemen wore hunting-coats. A lawn meet of the West Norfolk Hounds had been fixed for Saturday morning at Sandringham, but as the bad weather rendered the ground dangerous for sport, the meet was deferred. During the day the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Sir H. James left, their place being taken by other guests, including the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, who preached at the morning Service at Sandringham Church next day before the Prince and Princess and their visitors. The Royal party broke up on Monday, when the Prince of Wales went to Merton on a shooting visit to Baron Hirsch, and Prince George left for Didlington Hall to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Tysse-Amherst, while the Duke and Duchess of Fife and other guests returned to town. The Princess and her two daughters remain at Sandringham until the end of the week, and then accompany the Princes to town, where the Prince of Wales to-night (Saturday) presides at the meeting of the School for Modern Oriental Studies. On Monday he presides at the festival dinner in aid of establishing a National Leprosy Fund, and on Wednesday the Royal party set down into Dorsetshire to stay with Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor. A ball, hunting, and shooting, and other festivities are arranged for their entertainment, while the visits to Bourne-mouth and Poole, to open the Public Hospital and the New Park respectively, will take place in considerable State. Both towns intend to decorate extensively and to keep entire holiday. Wednesday was Prince Albert Victor's twenty-sixth birthday, which was marked with the usual honours in London and Windsor. Both Princess Victoria and Prince George have been suffering from influenza.

Prince Christian and some of his family return to England this week, leaving the Princess at Wiesbaden, as she has not yet recovered sufficiently from her attack of rheumatism in the eyes to interrupt the course of treatment. The Prince, with his sons and daughters, has been staying with the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt. The Duke of Connaught has gone to Calcutta to be present at the festivities attending Prince Albert Victor's visit.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters worked hard at sight-seeing at Rome, where they spent much time with the King and Queen of Italy. Owing to the death of the Empress Augusta, however, the Empress Frederick left Rome on Wednesday for Berlin.

THE FIRST SIBERIAN UNIVERSITY has proved a great success, judging from the record of its first year of existence at Tomsk. Though at present the University is incomplete, teaching only Medicine and Natural Sciences, students have crowded to Tomsk, more especially as both the University and the town give substantial aid to poor scholars. Thus there is a cheap boarding-house attached to the University; while those who are too poor to pay the fees are taught and clothed gratis. The University is rich in libraries, museums, laboratories, botanical gardens, and conservatories, and next summer the governing body will send out scientific expeditions to the interior of Siberia.





**DEATH OF SEÑOR GAYARRÉ.**—The death from pneumonia, following an attack of the much-dreaded influenza, of Señor Julian Gayarré, has been considered in the light of a national misfortune in his native Spain, and it will be regretted by many of his admirers in England. Señor Gayarré was born, according to his own statement, in 1848, but, according to other, and perhaps more trustworthy information, in 1843. He was a native of a small village near Pampeluna, on the Franco-Spanish frontier, his parents being farm labourers. He himself was a farm hand in his boyhood, but subsequently he was apprenticed at some ironworks, where he followed the trade of blacksmith. His employer, discovering the beauty of his voice, recommended him to the Municipal Council of Pampeluna, who paid for a few months' education in Madrid. He came out as a chorus singer at the Zarzuela Theatre, a Madrid playhouse devoted chiefly to *opéra-bouffe*. There his voice attracted the attention of the once-famous Spanish musician Eslava, who sent him, at his own expense, to Milan, where, after two years' study, he made a successful debut. After singing at St. Petersburg and Vienna he first came prominently before the public in 1873 in Libani's *Conte Verde*, at Rome. In 1876, on the production, at La Scala, of Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*, he created the principal part of Enzo, and at once took his place in the front rank of operatic tenors in Italy. In the following year he was engaged by the late Mr. F. Gye for the Royal Italian Opera, where Gayarré, although hardly justifying the expectations of those who believed he would prove the successor of Mario, became a great favourite, and sang regularly during every season down to 1881. He next appeared in 1886, during the first season of Señor Lago's management. During 1887 he also sang at Covent Garden, and created the principal part in the Italian version of Glinka's *Life for the Czar*, since when he has not appeared in this country. As an artist Gayarré never finally overcame the defects of his early education, the most serious his indulgence in the pernicious vibrato. He was, however, endowed with enormous vocal power, and in certain parts, such as Fernando in *La Favorita*, and Raoul in *Les Huguenots*, his energy and the magnificence of his acting frequently carried all before them. Since he last appeared in London Señor Gayarré has for the most part lived with his family in Spain, occasionally appearing at the Madrid Opera House, and only three weeks before his death singing at a Court Concert before the Queen of Spain. Although he has left a fortune of upwards of 46,000*l.*, he lived in the humblest manner in a small inn near the Madrid Opera House, frequented chiefly by operatic artists. His father died three years ago, and for many years Gayarré has supported not only his parents, but also several of his more remote relatives, while his generosity to the poor endeared him to all classes of Madrid society.

**THE OPERA.**—Operatic matters are now so far settled that at least three enterprises have been decided upon. Until January 1st the question as to the Royal Italian Opera was still open. Mr. Augustus Harris held the contract for that house, but only on the distinct understanding that the ground lease granted by the Duke of Bedford was not sold to anybody else before New Year's Day. That event has not happened, and on the other hand Mr. Harris has paid the usual deposit, and will open the Italian Opera season in May. Many engagements, particularly those of the popular De Reszke brothers, M. Lassalle, Miss MacIntyre, and Madame Scalchi have already been made.

It has also been decided that at the Royal Italian Opera one of the principal novelties shall be a revival of Gluck's *Orfeo*, the titular part in which was last performed here many years ago by Madame Cillag. A special feature of this work lies in the fact that the principal part of *Orfeo* is now sung by the contralto. *Orfeo* has always been considered the starting point of the reforms which Gluck introduced into opera, and subsequently had such far-reaching results. In the first act, *Orfeo*, inconsolable at the loss of Eurydice, is surrounded by the Thessalian shepherds and shepherdesses, who join in his lamentations. He is comforted by Love, who sings a florid air, and promises that as a reward for his constancy he shall be allowed to descend to the Shades, and while softening the heart of the infernal deities, by means of his love, he shall have Eurydice restored to him. The only condition imposed is that until his return to earth *Orfeo* shall not look upon his beloved. After Love vanishes *Orfeo* expresses his joy in an elaborate air, which was added for the production of the work in Paris. The second act takes place on the banks of the Styx, opening with a chorus of fiends, to soften whom with the notes of his lyre *Orfeo* tries at first in vain. They are subsequently subdued, and amidst the dances of the demons the hero passes to the Elysian groves, where Eurydice is discovered singing a beautiful air, interspersed with snatches of choruses for female voices. An orchestral intermezzo descriptive of the singing-birds and the soft murmuring of the trees of Paradise introduces *Orfeo*, who is informed in a chorus that Eurydice is about to be restored to him. In the third act the lovers meet. The lady, astounded that *Orfeo* will not look at her, expresses her grief; whereupon her husband, unable to resist her remonstrances, turns his eyes upon her, and she instantly vanishes. It is at this point that *Orfeo* gives expression to his despair in that beautiful and truly pathetic air, "Che farò senza Eurydice," which has probably been sung by every contralto now living. *Orfeo* is about to commit suicide in order to reunite his wife, when he is stopped by Love, who restores to him Eurydice. The happy pair in the last tableau of all are seen surrounded by the shepherds and shepherdesses, who sing choruses of congratulation; while a final trio, sung by *Orfeo*, Eurydice, and Love, is in the original version (which will probably be altered at Covent Garden) followed by an elaborate ballet, which closes the opera. Mr. Harris also has it in contemplation to revive *Tannhäuser*, with M. Jean De Reszke as the somewhat contemptible hero; and to produce an Italian version of either *Die Walküre* or *Tristan und Isolde*.

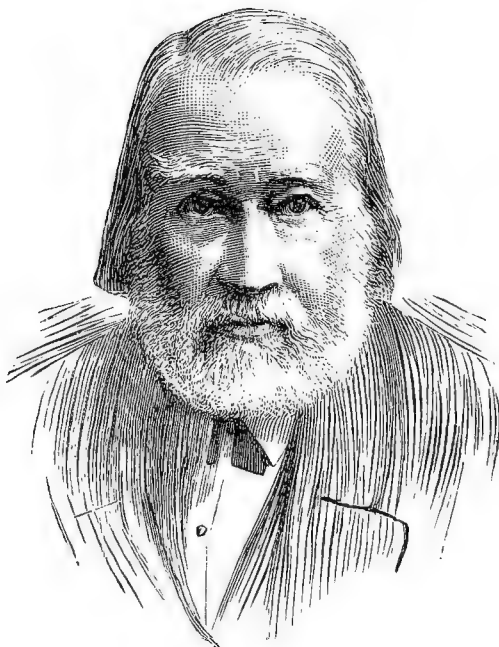
M. Mayer has now distinctly settled to open Her Majesty's Theatre for Italian opera in the month of May. About Christmas time he visited Vienna, and he has since gone to Italy, where he is busy in securing artists and novelties for his enterprise. Signor Tullio and the Milan orchestra will again appear, but the opera season at Her Majesty's will commence late, as it is to be preceded by a series of performances of French drama, with Madame Sarah Bernhardt as chief star.

**RENTREE OF MR. MAYBRICK.**—Mr. Michael Maybrick made his debut at the Ballad Concert on Saturday his first appearance since his temporary retirement from the concert platform. His reception was of the most enthusiastic character. The people gave round after round of applause before they would permit him to commence his own song, "The Little Hero," for the encore to which, after three songs, Mr. Maybrick sang his own ballad, "They All Love Jack," and in the second part, the sentry's song from Sullivan's *Solanthe*. Lady Hallé played one of Sarasate's Spanish dances, and the Bach-Gramod *Ave Maria*. Among those who sang were Madames Davies, Gomez, Stirling, and Cole, Messrs. Lloyd, Piercy, Foli, and Maybrick.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Signor Tamagno has recovered from his attack of influenza, and made his *rentrée*, at Chicago, on Thursday of last week, when he sung *Otello* for the first time in America.—Madame Nordica is suffering from "La Grippe," and her place as Desdemona was taken by Madame Albani.—Among the eminent musicians reported to have been suffering during the past week from influenza are Miss Margaret MacIntyre (who has relinquished all her Scottish engagements this week), Dr. Hans Richter, Madame Valda, Herr Seidl, the conductor; the famous Wagnerian tenor, Herr Vogl (who has since recovered); Herr Paul Kalisch, and several members of the minor German opera houses.—Mr. Robert Buchanan's revised version of Mr. Slaughter's *Marjorie*, originally given at a *matinée* last July, will be produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on the 18th.—Sir George Grove will preside at the meeting to be held on the 18th, at the German Athenæum, for the purpose of raising a fund for the purchase of the Beethoven Haus, where the composer was born, at Bonn.

#### DR. CHARLES MACKAY

As in the case of Miss Eliza Cook and Mr. Martin Tupper it was so long since Dr. Mackay's first successes in literature were made that to many the news of his death on the 24th ult. came as a surprise. They thought he had been dead long before. Born at Perth, in 1814, Charles Mackay published his first volume of poems when he was only twenty years of age. These attracted the attention of Mr. John Black, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and led to his receiving an appointment upon that paper. For a time he edited the *Glasgow Argus*; he wrote for the *Daily News* a series of poems, entitled "Voices from the Crowd," contributed leading articles to the *Illustrated London News*, and from 1862 to 1865 acted as New York correspondent for the *Times*, his strong Southern bias



being largely responsible for the attitude assumed by the "Thunderer" at the beginning of the Civil War. But during all this time his output of verse was large and constant. Indeed, he remained extraordinarily prolific to the last, and only a few days before his death penned a sonnet to the memory of his late wife. Probably his best remembered effort is the stirring poem, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," which Henry Russell (still with us, we are glad to say) set to music nearly half-a-century ago. He was very popular with his literary brethren. In 1877 a testimonial of 770*l.* was presented to him; and his funeral at Kensal Green, on January 2nd, was attended by many representatives of Literature and Art, together with several members of the Clan Mackay.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 7, Gloucester Terrace, South Kensington, S.W.

#### SIR HENRY YULE

MERELY to give a list of the honours earned by this distinguished officer in the varied spheres of war, administration, and literature

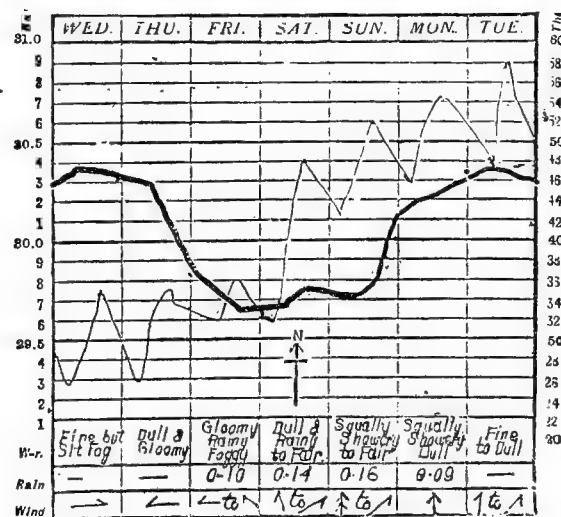


would fill more than the space at our disposal. A very brief memoir, therefore, must suffice. He was the youngest son of the late Major William Yule, of the Bengal Army, and was born in 1820 at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was educated in Scotland

and at Addiscombe, from which in 1838 he passed out for the Bengal Engineers, reaching India early in 1840. The Sutlej and Punjab campaigns gave him his first smell of powder, and, after acting as secretary to Sir Arthur Phayre in Burma, he was employed during the Mutiny in defensive works. Ill-health caused his retirement with the honorary rank of Colonel in 1862, but thirteen years later he returned to official life as member of the Indian Council, finally retiring about six months ago. But to the outside world Colonel Yule was best known as an author. As early as 1866 he published "Cathay and the Way Thither," an account of the attempts to reach China overland made during the Middle Ages; and in 1871 appeared his *opus magnum*, the "Book of Ser Marco Polo," in which the story of the Venetian traveller was enhanced by the admirable notes contributed by his editor. "Hobson-Jobson; or, a Glossary of Anglo-Indian Terms," a most useful work of reference for those who have to write about the Peninsula, appeared in 1886. In Colonel Yule the world has lost, in fact, one of its greatest authorities on all matters connected with Asiatic exploration. In 1863 Colonel Yule was made a Companion of the Bath, and only last year was created a Knight Commander of the Star of India. He died on the 30th ult. Our portrait is from an etching by Mr. T. Blake Wirgman, after his own picture of Colonel Yule, which hangs in the Chatham Mess-room.

#### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1890.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (7th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—In the course of this week there has been an important change in the weather experienced over the British Islands, and especially the South-Eastern part of them. The high-pressure area, which at first prevailed over the Continent and the South-East of England, causing cold Easterly winds and dry foggy weather in London, had moved away to the Southward; the barometer consequently fell fast after Thursday (2nd inst.), South-Westerly winds gradually took the place of those from an Easterly quarter, and soon increased to the force of a stiff gale, accompanied by high temperatures and steady rains. These were especially prevalent on Sunday and Monday (5th and 6th inst.), but on Tuesday (7th inst.) the mercury had again risen to about the same height it had held a week before, and the weather had become bright and pleasant without any material reduction of temperature.

The barometer was highest (30.78 inches) both at the beginning and end of the week; lowest (29.66 inches) on Friday (3rd inst.); range 0.72 inch.

The temperature was highest (58°) on Tuesday (7th inst.); lowest (26°) on Wednesday and Thursday (1st and 2nd inst.); range 32°.

Rain fell on four days. Total fall 0.49 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.16 inch on Sunday (5th inst.)

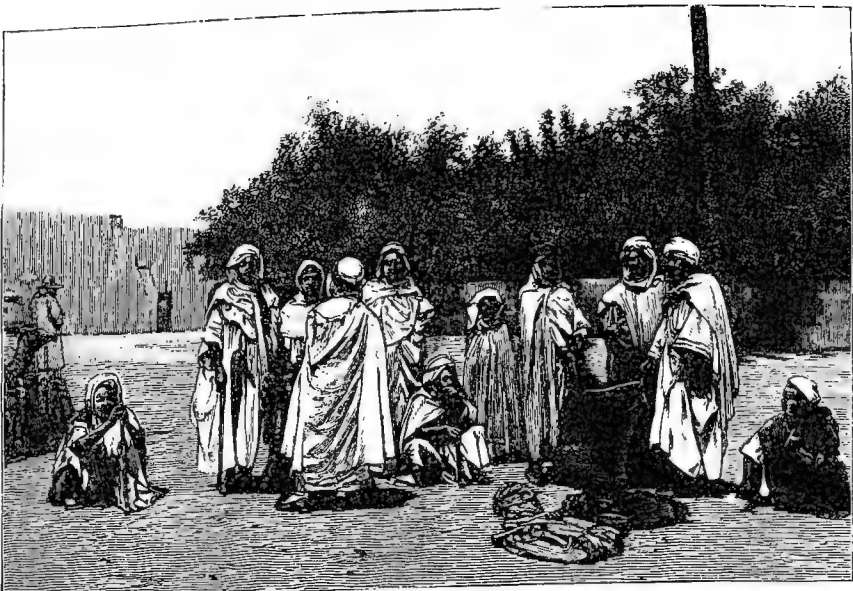
WHILE MR. STANLEY IS STILL ON HIS WAY TO EGYPT, after a most hearty leavetaking from the European colony at Mombassa, his letters keep public interest well awake. In an epistle to Livingstone's son-in-law, Mr. A. L. Bruce, Mr. Stanley recounts the marvellous changes wrought by Christianity in Uganda, where the fierce King Mwanga killed Bishop Hannington. After this murder, Mwanga not only persecuted the native Christians worse than before, but was so tyrannical to his other subjects that the Mussulmans and the Christians united, and succeeded in deposing the King. A short time before, he had expelled the European missionaries with much cruelty, but in his distress Mwanga was obliged to take refuge with the French missionaries at Ulumbi, where he abjured his evil ways and embraced Christianity. Kiwewa reigned in his stead, but soon the Mahomedans and the Christians fell out, and came to blows. Kiwewa was slain, and replaced by another of Mwanga's sons, Karoma. The Christians and Mussulmans fought repeatedly, but the former party managed to hold their own, and, on hearing of Mwanga's conversion, offered their allegiance and aid to regain his throne. A deputation of the Christian Waganda then met Mr. Stanley on his way from the Albert Edward Nyanza, and begged him to lead the Christians against Uganda to oust Karoma and the Mussulman party, and reinstate Mwanga. Mr. Stanley would not deviate from his route, however, nor did he altogether trust the conversion of cruel Mwanga, so he declined to assist, but he renders high tribute to the missionary energy which has produced so powerful a body of native Christians in the heart of Africa.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PALACE OF LAEKEN has grieved the Belgian Royal Family deeply, as the building was connected with all the important events of their domestic history. The Queen is so upset that she has been thoroughly ill, while the Austrian Crown Princess Stéphanie remembers sadly that at Laeken she first met and was betrothed to her unfortunate husband. All the family portraits have perished, notably the likeness of the King and Queen's only son, taken just before his death, and a host of souvenirs of the poor little lad. Presents from Royal relatives, Gobelin tapestries, art treasures, historical papers, and correspondence are nearly all gone, the precious writing table on which Napoleon I. signed the Declaration of War against Russia and some Bohemian glass presented by Crown Prince Rudolph being amongst the small share rescued from the flames. Being State property, the Palace itself was not insured, unlike most of the furniture, which was the King's private property. Till the Palace is rebuilt the King and Queen will live in the Pavillon des Princes in the Laeken Park, where Royal visitors were generally housed. Great regret is felt for Madame Drancourt, Princess Clémentine's governess, whose body was not found for four days. She was trying to save her property, for 80*l.* and two valuable statuettes were found by her remains in the Princess's apartments, where she had afterwards returned to see that her pupil had escaped safely. On the following Monday she would have left for Paris, as now that the Princess is coming out her duties were at an end. She had been governess to all the King and Queen's daughters.





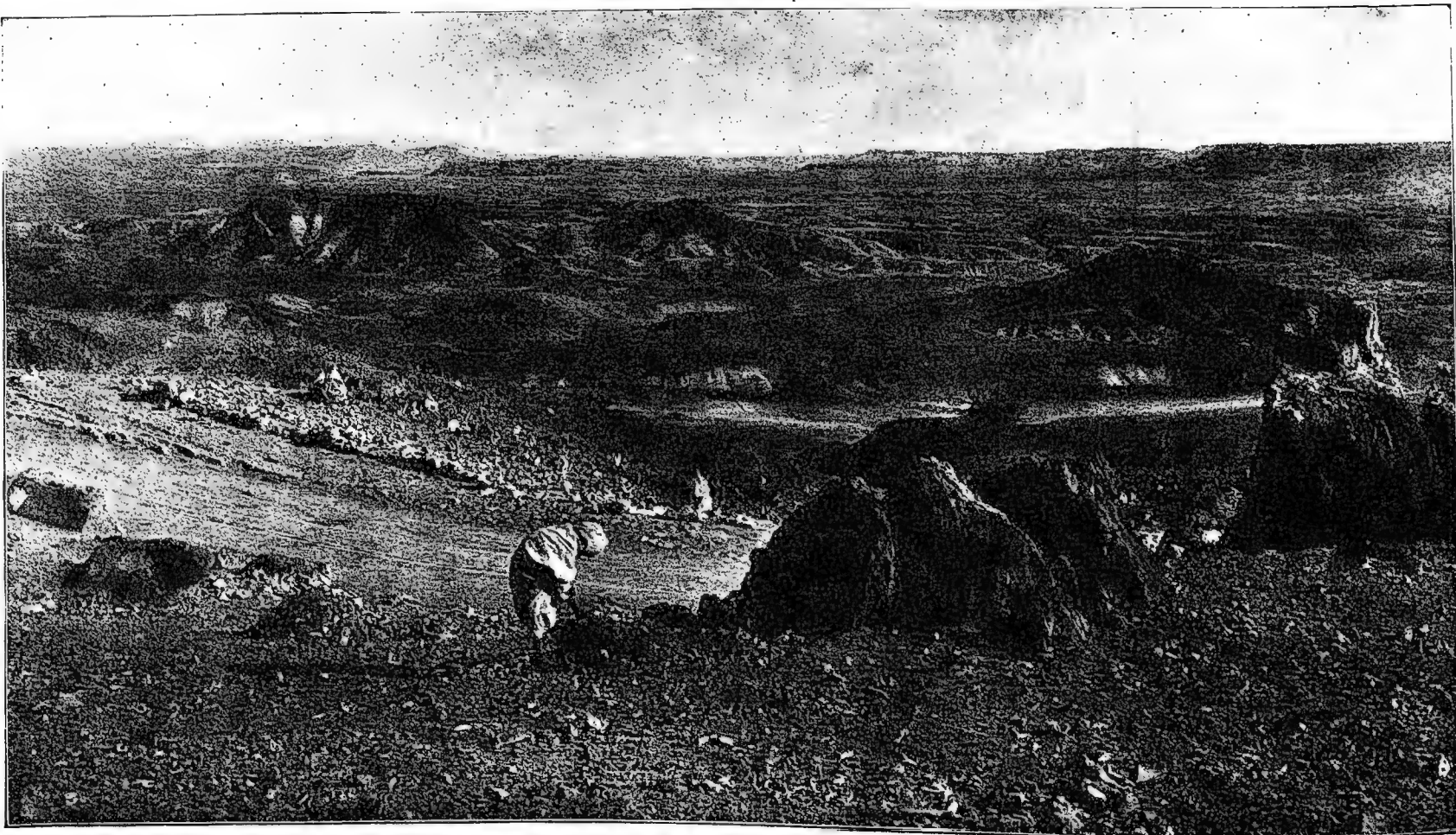
THE MOSQUE OF SIDI OKBA



A GROUP OF ARABS ON THE MARCH



A CARAVAN APPROACHING AN OLD FORT IN BISKRA



THE SAHARA DESERT  
VIEWS IN BISKRA—AN OASIS IN THE SAHARA DESERT



## LEAVING HOME BY THE P. AND O.

THE departure of a large passenger steamer is not in any sense a joyous scene to witness. On the contrary, the spectacle is, so to speak, steeped in sadness. As one looks around at the various groups of humanity, a short time before the vessel weighs anchor, it is only too evident that most of those present, now that the excitement of preparation has been passed, and the wrench is face to face with them, feel the reality of their position fully for the first time.

Possibly the key-note of the whole affair can be found in this group near us on the hurricane deck—the young bride parting from her mother to return with her husband to his military life in India. The struggle between her memory of the past and her hopes of the future is a painful thing to dwell upon.

Now, as we stand with the crowd who have come to see their friends off, the tender casts loose, and the big anchor chains lift their grapple. Take a last look at these straining faces. A moment of silence—then a cheer, the echo of which has hardly subsided ere the great engines have borne their load away. Good bye!

## NEW MUSIC

MESSRS. LAFLEUR AND SON.—In the hands of an experienced player there is no more charming instrument than the clarinet. "L'Absence et le Retour" is a brilliant fantasia for B flat clarinet, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Jos. Beltjens, which is void of all technical difficulties, and may be commended to cultivated amateurs.—Of equal merit with the above is a concerto in F minor for the double bass, by G. Bottesini.—"Le Moulin" (The Mill), galop by St. Bogdany, is not only showy, but the time is well marked for dancing.—A group of pieces by L. C. Desormes, suitable for everyday use, consists of "Eveillez Vous!" (aubade), arranged both as a solo for the pianoforte and with a violin accompaniment;

just brought out Haydn's "Creation," edited by G. A. Macfarren, in what is known as the Performing Edition; this compact little volume is to be commended specially for its clear printing.—A new edition of "The Morning and Evening Service," set to music in the key of A, by D. Witham Boyce and Dr. Samuel Arnold, will serve to remind us of a time-honoured little work which has been of late somewhat

we have, "May Margaret," a choral ballad (S. A. T. B.), words by John Payne, music by Erskine Allon; a pleasing composition, suitable for the first part of a concert.—To judge by No. 1. "The Flight of Time," of six four-part songs (S. A. T. B.), music by S. C. Cooke, words by various poets, this collection will prove a useful addition to amateur choralists.—A cheery part song for the hunting season is, "Up, Up, Awake," by Richard Harvey.

—Six songs from "A Child's Garden of Verses," poetry by R. L. Stevenson, music by Walter Frère, are pretty and tuneful little ditties which will be very popular in the nursery and schoolroom.—"Golden Eyes" is a song somewhat out of the common groove, the words translated from the Greek by Andrew Lang, music by Mrs. Sheffield Neave; the compass is from G below the lines to D fourth line.—"Love's Story," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Joseph Spawforth, will be sung and listened to with much pleasure by young people who are interested in the tale that is told.—"Dream Memories," a song written and composed by Lindsay Lennox is not up to the mark of his successful "Love's Golden Dream."

—Claxson Bellamy has written pretty words to Percy M. Hewitt's well-known waltz "Ma Chérie."—A song which will please in the home circle is "Tiny Feet," words by Lindsay Lennox, music by Moreton Elliot.—A charming song, with a good moral, is "Sunshine and Clouds," written and composed by John Barnby.—"Two Favourite Airs by Handel, No. I., Largo in G.; No. II., "Lascia Ch' Io Pianga," arranged for the organ by William Spark, Mus. Doc.,

&c., will prove a boon to organists.—The "Dance for Christmas," issued by this firm, has a very pretty frontispiece of holly and mistletoe; it contains eight very playable and danceable specimens of dance music by popular composers.

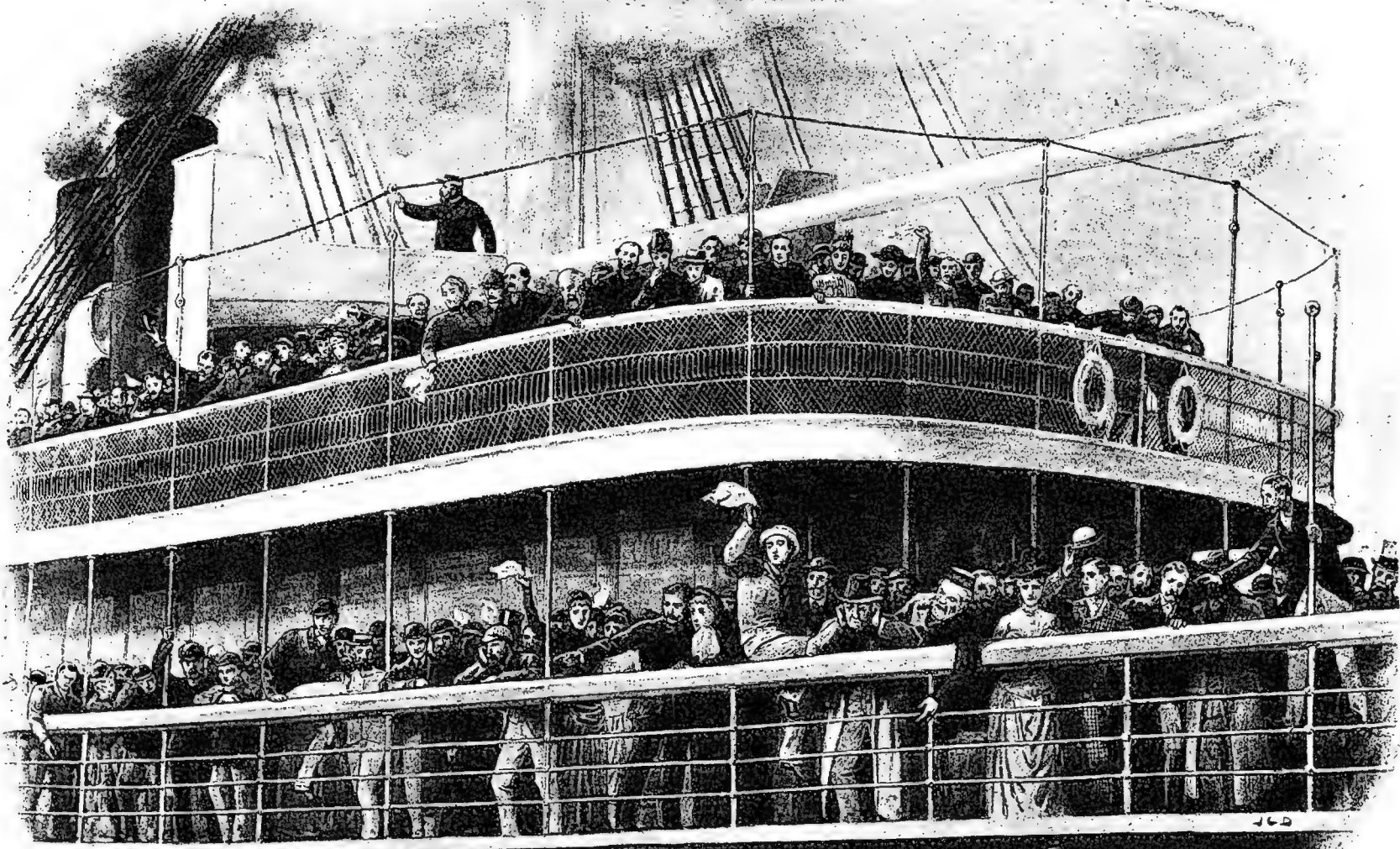
MESSRS. C. B. TREE AND CO.—There is true pathos in "Flowrets Fair," a tenor song, words by G. Hubi Newcombe,

BETWEEN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

neglected.—A group of useful and excellent additions to the repertory of a church choir of medium strength and ability includes "Six Anthems" (easy and melodious), by Sinclair Dunn, adapted for various festivals.—"This Day Is Born," words by William Austin (1635), music by G. A. Macfarren, is for Christmas-tide, as is also "Glory to God in the Highest," words from Holy Writ

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GOOD-BYE! THE SHIP LEAVING FOR AUSTRALIA

"Divertissement Espagnol," for pianoforte; "Inez Mazurka," "Polka des Troupiers," and "Said," Arabian quadrilles.—"Ariel Waltz," by Ernest Trowbridge, is a fairly good specimen of dance music, as is also "Satin Slippers Schottische," by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—This firm has

music by S. C. Cooke; the last-named composer has also composed a full anthem for harvest thanksgiving, "Great is the Lord" (Psalms cxliiii. and cvii.), which may be used for ordinary services.—"Balaam's Prophecy" ("I shall see Him, but not Now"), is a very excellent anthem, suitable for all seasons, but especially for Christmas, music by William Spark, Mus. Doc.—Of secular choral music

music by George C. Richardson.—A song for the home circle is "Evening Thoughts," written and composed by J. Willmote Page and Arthur Briscoe.—Quaint and original is "Dance Queen Anne," composed by H. Davan Wetton.—"The City of London March" and "The Flying Dutchman," galop de concert, by Moritz Bamberger, are showy and brilliant pieces for the pianoforte.





**THE TURF.**—As last week, there is nothing of much importance to record in this department of sport. Frost caused the postponement of the Steeplechase Meeting at Haydock Park, but did not interfere with those at Hamilton Park and Manchester. At the latter on the first day backers could hardly make a mistake, as all the winners started favourites. Among them was Macpherson, who took the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase in very easy style for Mr. H. Hall, and was then sold to Mr. C. Perkins, for whom he next day secured the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase. Captain E. R. Owen heads the list of amateur cross-country riders for 1889 with 41 victories out of 135 attempts, though Mr. Abington has the wonderful average of 31 out of 61. Arthur Nightingall is at the top of the professional tree with 41 out of 130. C. Gregor being a splendid second with 35 out of 57.—Our congratulations to John Osborne, who completed his fifty-seventh year on Tuesday last, and hopes to win many races yet; to Mr. A. L. Popham, the amateur, and F. Rickaby, the professional jockey, who were both married last week; and to the popular Minister for Agriculture, Mr. Henry Chaplin, on his recovery from the influenza.—High fees do not deter breeders from patronising high-class sires. The owners of Chitabob and Galliard each charge 100g. for their horses' services, yet both lists are full.

**FOOTBALL.**—A very fine match between Preston North End and Wolverhampton Wanderers in the League competition ended in the victory of the former by a goal to nothing. The winners are likely to strengthen their team by the importation of yet another Scotchman.—David Baird, at present left wing of the Heart of Midlothian.—Everton beat Aston Villa very easily, the losers being weakened by the absence of Archie Hunter, their veteran captain, who was taken with an epileptic fit soon after play began.—The Corinthians' tour ended much better than it began. They beat Queen's Park, Kirkcaldy, Newcastle, and Sheffield United, and drew with St. Bernard's, their final record being (including two matches won by their reserve team) six victories, two defeats, and the draw above mentioned. The Casuals were less successful in their Northern tour, only winning three of ten matches, and on Wednesday last they succumbed to Old Westminsters in their London Cup-tie, two previous matches having been drawn.—Rugby-wise, most interest attaches to the meeting of the Rugby Union held on Tuesday night, at which it was decided to accept the proposal of the International Board to submit the dispute between the two bodies to arbitration. Major Marindin has consented to act on behalf of the Union.—Yorkshire narrowly defeated Somersetshire, and easily beat Kent, and is practically certain of the County Championship; while Fettesian-Lorettonians beat Manchester and Edinburgh Academicals, and Harlequins succumbed to Blackheath.—We regret to record the death of Lieutenant Lyon, of the Somerset Regiment, who died from the result of injuries received in a football match at Weston-super-Mare.

**BILLIARDS.**—Mr. S. H. Fry, son of the well-known bookmaker, a pupil of John Roberts, jun., and winner of several important handicaps, having challenged Mr. A. P. Gaskell for the Amateur Championship, the match came off on Monday at Prince's Hall. The game was somewhat slow, and the holder, who had the upper hand throughout, and made the highest break (98), maintained his right to the title by 105 points.—Roberts easily beat North last week, and is now playing Taylor, giving him nine thousand out of twenty. He has also arranged with Richards a match at pyramids.—Peall beat McNeil in both their matches last week, the loser being somewhat off colour, though he made one magnificent break of 178, consisting wholly of cannons.—At the Aquarium, where on Monday Peall and White begin their important all-in match, the contestants this week are Cook and Coles.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—We regret to record the death, at the early age of forty-nine, of J. H. Sadler, sometime Sculling Champion of England. His defeat by Trickett in 1876 marked the passing away of the premiership in rowing from us to our Colonial brethren. For some years after this he acted as "coach" to the Kingston Rowing Club.—The Slavin Fund now amounts to nearly 400l. Slavin declares that he knows who brought the roughs to the Bruges fight. But why does he not make his knowledge public property? The Pelican Club Committee has absolved Mr. Abington and Mr. Fleming from blame. But on Wednesday last an excited meeting of the Club took place, with the result that the Committee was expected to resign.—In the great Chess Match at Havana between Tschigorin, the Russian Champion, and Gunsberg, the (naturalised) Englishman, the former won three out of the first four games.—More fortunate than the English Skating Association, the Dutchmen managed to bring off their great International Meeting at Amsterdam. It was the means of bringing to light a new skater in the Norwegian, Norseng, who won both the Two Miles and Five Miles Races, the latter in 16 min. 48.2-5 secs.—the best time on record. The One Mile fell to K. Pander, of Haarlem, a portrait of whom appears elsewhere. Von Panschin, the Russian Champion, could not compete owing to his having been seized by the national—now cosmopolitan—influenza.—Mr. Vernon's cricketers made 315 against Eleven of Bengal, and won by an innings and seventeen runs.

### 'WARE WOLF!

I WAS staying last year at a country house in Hungary, when, one evening, the party assembled at my host's were dismayed to hear that a judge, whom several of us had met but a few days before, had been eaten up by wolves. The unfortunate gentleman was driving home from a late dinner, when his sledge was pursued by a pack of wolves. The driver lashed his horses into a gallop; the sledge, dipping into a rut, gave a jolt which threw the judge out; and the servant, who afterwards swore that he had not noticed the accident, drove on to the nearest town without his master. When a search party was sent out with guns and lanterns, they found nothing of the judge except a few shreds of clothes in a large pool of blood.

Horrors of this kind are not rare in Hungary; and it is difficult to guard against them, for wolves are uncertain in their migrations. During whole years a district will be comparatively free from them, after which they will suddenly appear in myriads. The length of the autumn in Russia has something to do with the matter. If the winter comes late, and is preceded by a rainy season, there is generally a great deal of disease and mortality among the cattle on the steppes; thousands upon thousands of tainted beasts are then driven out of the folds to shift for themselves, and thus the wolves find plenty to eat in home quarters. But if the winter sets in early and severe there is little waste of cattle, and the hungry wolves make tracks for he West. They must have retentive memories, for it has been noticed that they seldom ravage the same district, in any great numbers, two years in succession. It is certain that the packs are all led by old "dogs," and these veterans probably recount to the younger ones their experiences of bygone wolf-battles, in which their brethren were

slain by the thousand. For a wolf-invasion has to be combated with all the might which an infested district can put forth. It is no question of sport, but one of defending life and property, which remain in constant jeopardy until the wolves have been slaughtered in hecatombs, and the remnant clean scared out of the district. So long as these evil-doing beasts are on the prowl, not a mother dare trust her child out of doors; not a cow, sheep, or pig can be turned into pasture. At night bonfires have to be lighted near the strongly-barricaded cattle-sheds, and by day squires and tenants go out together in well-armed parties, escorted by all the rabble doggerly of the country. There is a story of a gentleman who went out lion-hunting, and found it very good fun until he discovered that the lion was hunting him. A similar experience comes upon many a sportsman who, having talked trippingly in England about his desire to have some wolf-shooting, has found himself on a Hungarian plain, where the wolves were quite as anxious to get at him as he at them. Wolves, when not famished, will lie in woods during the daytime, and prowl for their food at night; if famished, they act like mad dogs—in fact, they often are infected with rabies, and then they know no prudence or fear. Singly, in small packs of half-a-dozen, or in hundreds, they will fly at any living thing which comes near them. Their howls are dreadful to hear, for they are the howls of creatures in excruciating pain from hunger and wounds. When rabies breaks out in a pack the mad ones bite the others, till all become rabid together, and there is not an individual in the pack but is mangled and maimed.

This rabies, so common among wolves, accounts for the fact that the conduct of these animals can never be reckoned upon. About a year ago a Hungarian in a sledge kept a pack of ten or twelve at bay by loudly tooting upon a cornet-a-piston; but these cannot have been famished wolves. Quite lately again a Hungarian woman, being attacked by a wolf, her little child, a girl of twelve, caught the animal by the ears and frightened him away, but this, too, must have been a wolf who had not lived long on short commons. A well-fed wolf will run away from man like a hare. Such a one will be scared by the flaming of a lucifer-match; and he will squat on his haunches blinking at the light of a cottage window without daring to advance a step until the light be put out. Even this kind of wolf, however, will gorge himself if he gets among sheep, horses, or poultry. These are his natural prey, and he will fall upon them, if he can do so with safety, whether he be hungry or not. A single wolf has been known to mutilate every sheep in a fold, biting a piece out of one and another from sheer greed and natural enmity. A wolf, who had got into the stables of a Hungarian gentleman, bit ten horses, though they were stalled separately, and was only quieted at last by a kick which stretched him dead. No wonder the peasantry confound the wolf with hail, blight, the *phylloxera*, and other scourges of Nature under one common anathema. They have, moreover, a direct pecuniary inducement to kill these brutes, for the authorities in the different comitats pay a premium of from five to fifteen florins for every wolf's head.

It did not fall to me personally to see any wolf-shooting in Hungary. The wolves did not choose their hunting-ground near my friend's house—at least during the time of my visit—but I heard plenty of stories from eye-witnesses of what they were doing in other quarters. At about ten miles from the place where I was staying several hundreds of them one night attacked a village where there were a great many large cow-houses and pig-styes. The wolves found ingress into a cow-house through an open window six feet from the ground. The first assailants leaped in by clambering over the backs of the others; and one after another they bounded in, ravenous and infuriated, while the rest leaped up frantic, barking and howling against the walls. The noise is said to have been diabolical. The howling of the cows mingled with the shrieks of pigs, butting with desperation at the doors of neighbouring styes. The affrighted occupants of the farm-house could only fire out of their windows at the wolves in the yard, but dare not unbar a door. In the village every window was open, heads and gun-barrels peeped out, but nobody ventured forth. At last an accident put an end to the carnage of cows, for one of these animals rearing (as it is supposed) on its hind legs, knocked over a petroleum lamp, hung on a wall to light the shed. The oil set fire to some straw, and soon the whole cowhouse was in a blaze. This frightened away the wolves in the yard, and those inside the shed perished, along with eighteen cows and a great number of pigs. It was with the greatest difficulty that the whole farm was saved from burning.

After this affair it was resolved to organise a grand *battue*. Several railed platforms were erected at about twenty feet from the ground in the midst of a plain, and a number of squires came out with repeating-rifles and plentiful ammunition. Meanwhile about a couple of hundred farmers and peasants with all sorts of guns were set to circumvent a wood in which it was believed wolves were lurking. Towards nightfall some carcasses of horses were dragged on to the plain; and some young pigs being procured, they were made to squeal by the pinching of their tails. This always attracts wolves, and the plan was to make the wolves swarm on to the plain, and then to fire right into the thick of them with the repeaters from the top of the platforms. The device did not succeed, for one of the sportsmen opened fire too soon. Only the hardiest of the pack charged forward; the rest fell back upon the woods; and, when the rifles resounded again, the whole pack turned tail and scampered across the wood right through the cordon of peasants on the other side. The curious part of the matter was that nothing more was seen of them.

The goings of wolves are as mysterious as their comings. To-day they swarm; to-morrow they have all vanished. They resemble those sinister gatherings of desperadoes who hold possession of the streets during times of civil disturbance. Masters of the city in the morning, they have been dispersed by nightfall, leaving only a few stragglers to be ignominiously manacled or shot down.

In this last respect, too, the comparison holds good, for after every grand rout of a pack of wolves, a laggard or two generally remain—lupine eccentrics no doubt, or *mauvais coucheurs*, tabooed by the rest—to do a little marauding on their own account; and these mostly come to a degrading end. Perhaps one is shot down by a farmer, who mistakes him at a distance for a fox, and another is knocked over by an unabashed shepherd with his crook.

Let it be added, however, in conclusion that there is an occasional romance even in wolf-lore. A little Hungarian village boy once told his mother that he had got a pet dog of his own in a wood with a number of puppies, and wanted food for them. He was given some scraps of broken meat and bones, and for several days he carried away a basket full of these provisions to his pets. His parents were curious, at last, to see these pets, and went with him to the wood, when it was found that the boy's dog was a she-wolf with a broken leg, who was suckling a litter of cubs. The poor beast was too much injured to rise, and was at the point of death when her identity was discovered; but her cubs were forthwith adopted, and it is satisfactory to add that they have done well in life, and are now earning their living, like honest quadrupeds, in a menagerie.

B. B.

THE "SWEET VALE OF AVOCA," in County Wicklow, which Moore celebrated in his well-known ballad, "The Meeting of the Waters," has been let on lease for 1,800l., and the woods will be utilised for making matches.

### SOME TALKERS OF THE PAST

CONVERSATION is said to be a lost art, and to some extent this is true. Good talk presupposes leisure, both for preparation and for enjoyment. The age of leisure is dead, and the art of conversation is dying. A Dr. Johnson writing only under pressure, and with somewhat unwilling hand, but pouring out in his talk the wealth of a well-stocked mind—virile in thought, forcible and luminous in argument—would be an almost impossible figure for the literary world of the present to produce. What Dr. Johnson was in conversation may be gathered from the pages of Boswell and Madame D'Arbly. With a congenial companion, like Dr. Burney, he would sit up talking on a winter's evening until the fire was dead, and nothing remained of the candles but their wicks.

The doctor was no monologist. He needed the stimulant of question and objection, and the spur of opposition, to bring out the best of his talk. The tendency to monologue has been the besetting sin of most great talkers. Carlyle, much as he railed against mere talk, did not escape this danger. Darwin has a characteristic anecdote of him in his "Autobiography." At a dinner-party where, besides Darwin, Babbage and Lyell, who both liked to talk, were present, Carlyle silenced them all, and held forth throughout the dinner on the advantages of silence. "After dinner," says Darwin, "Babbage, in his grimmest manner, thanked Carlyle for his very interesting lecture on silence." Macaulay, a prince among talkers, suffered at times from the same inability to stop. Different accounts of his conversational style have been given. Some people found him ready to converse, willing to listen, as well as to speak, but on many occasions his tendency was to monologue. But who could grumble at the copiousness of his talk? His mind was richly stored, filled with the literary wealth of both ancient and modern times; and every part of his mental possessions was, by means of an extraordinarily retentive memory, easily accessible to their owner, and ready for production on the slightest suggestion or provocation. Greville describes his talk as "inexhaustible, always amusing and instructive, about everybody and everything."

At Holland House, one evening early in 1841, Macaulay discoursed on the Fathers of the Church, giving the substance of a long sermon of St. Chrysostom, which he had read many months before in India, on obscure points in history, on Milman's "History of Christianity," and on myths in general, until Lady Holland, wearied by the flow, sought to arrest it and to puzzle the speaker, by asking him, "Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a doll? When were dolls first mentioned in history?" Macaulay at once replied that the Roman children had dolls, explained how they were offered to Venus, and backed his explanation with a quotation from Persius. Later in the same year Macaulay was one of the party gathered at Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's seat, and is recorded to have held forth in much the same encyclopædic fashion. Among the guests was Samuel Rogers, whose fame as a conversationalist was great. But, as the Spanish proverb says, "Two great talkers will not travel far together." While Macaulay remained, Rogers was overwhelmed. His small weak voice was unable to make itself heard, so he grumbled and admired and waited until the inexhaustible essayist had gone, when he and the other inmates of the house revived, and enjoyed conversation on more equal terms.

Rogers was renowned as a sayer of smart and pungent things. His polished sarcasm cut like a Toledo blade. But the chief feature of his talk was its wealth of anecdote and reminiscence. Throughout a long life he knew everybody worth knowing, and there were few of the great names in the literary and social worlds of the latter part of the last century and the earlier years of the present, about whom he had not some interesting recollections or story to tell.

Buckle, the historian of Civilisation, was another great talker, but he was sometimes hardly fair to those who would have conversed with him, had he but given them a chance. On one occasion he held forth to Darwin without giving the latter an opportunity to put in more than a word here and there, and when Darwin moved away, Buckle turned to a friend and calmly remarked, "Well, Mr. Darwin's books are much better than his conversation." Victor Cousin, the French philosopher, is reported, by a patient auditor, to have talked one day without stopping for four hours. Another great Frenchman of an earlier day, Diderot, was very eminent in conversation. Marmontel has described the free flow of his ideas in talk, the persuasiveness of his eloquence, and the fire of his enthusiasm. The enthusiasm sometimes bubbled over into something resembling frenzy, for the hero of the "Encyclopædia" is said at times to have rounded his eloquent periods and clinched his arguments by dashing his nightcap violently against the wall.

Burns, it has been said, was great in prose, greater in poetry, but greatest in conversation. Many witnesses have testified to the extraordinary nature of his conversational powers. Robertson, the Scotch historian, says that he "scarcely ever met any man whose conversation displayed greater vigour." When he came late to an inn, it is said that even the servants would leave their beds to hear him talk.

Sir Walter Scott was another able conversationalist. The pleasant feature of his talk was his evident desire to see whatever of good there might be in the person or book under discussion. He would point out the excellences rather than the defects, and of some dispraised poem or other work he would quote the best lines, or one good verse, so as to redeem the whole work from absolute censure. In this respect he has been contrasted with Jeffrey, the great reviewer. The latter was keener to detect blunders or errors than to recognise whatever features of promise or of good performance a work might present.

William Hazlitt, the fiery politician and vigorous essayist, was also a brilliant talker. The centre of a circle of choice spirits who met at the Southampton in Chancery Lane, he often held them in discourse until the dawn of day dispersed the whole nest of conversational night-birds.

But greatest of talkers was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. For copiousness, for richness of illustration and diction, his conversation, or rather his monologue, was unrivalled. Madame de Stäel said of him, "He is very great in monologue, but he has no idea of dialogue." His talk sometimes degenerated into preaching, but on the whole it exhibited qualities that have never since been equalled. Early in his career a London innkeeper is said to have offered him free quarters if he would only stay and talk. Just as his own Ancient Mariner held with his glittering eye the belated wedding-guest, so Coleridge led captive by his talk all who came within the charmed circle of his speech. He was probably heard at his best by those who had the privilege of visiting him during the years of his residence at Highgate. As he meandered along the garden-paths, frequently crossing, in his undecided way, from one side to the other, as many years before the youthful Hazlitt had observed him do in the course of a Shropshire walk, he rolled forth a tide of talk, poetical, metaphysical, magnificently imaginative—a rich stream freighted with learning and wisdom. "He spoke," says Carlyle, "as if preaching—you could have said preaching—earnestly, and almost hopelessly, the weightiest things."

G. L. A.

ALL SUGGESTED REMEDIES FOR THE RABBIT PLAGUE having failed, New South Wales and Queensland are depending on rabbit-proof fencing to limit the unwelcome guests. There are no fewer than 887 miles of fencing constructed, including the fence on the South Australian boundary line. Meanwhile the rabbits increase grievously in New Zealand.



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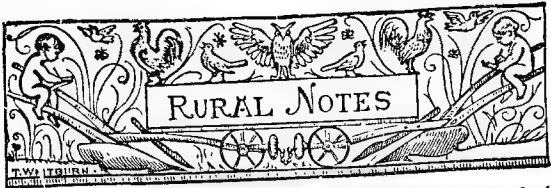
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**ENGLISH WHEAT.**—The sales of home-grown grain during 1889 were larger than anticipated, though the fact that there was no rise in prices to reward holders for keeping back their grain takes most of the point out of the common observation that sales since September have been excessively large. The value of wheat may at last be on the turn, but the experiences of the past few years have not proved that wheat-holding was the best policy by any means. During the past autumn, too, the good stocks of roots and of hay have been tempting farmers to buy store cattle for feeding up. Ready-money, therefore, has been in exceptionally keen request. The actual sales of English wheat have been:—January, 566,520 qrs.; February, 610,725 qrs.; March, 698,172 qrs.; April, 748,005 qrs.; May, 713,442 qrs.; June, 533,160 qrs.; July, 519,561 qrs.; August, 500,675 qrs.; September, 815,031 qrs.; October, 1,008,537 qrs.; November, 893,682 qrs.; and December, 1,307,913 qrs. The return for November is for twenty-eight days only, and that for December for thirty-three days. Taking the two months together the average monthly sales were about 1,100,000 qrs., a very large quantity indeed. The total English wheat sales of the year were about 8,915,423 qrs., which with 13,567,980 qrs. of imported wheat, and 4,509,569 qrs. of imported flour, make up an aggregate supply of 26,992,972 qrs., against estimated requirements of twenty-six millions. The total reserves of wheat at fifteen ports are 1,200,000 qrs., and of flour 900,000 sacks; and the reserves for the whole country are put at three and a-half millions of foreign breadstuffs.

**SPRING CORN** has had a good sale in the past year. Not only have English oats and barley moved off quickly when put on the markets, but imports of 4,353,939 qrs. barley, 5,415,595 qrs. oats, and 8,182,321 qrs. maize, have gone into use. That they have not accumulated is shown by the granary returns, which exhibit smaller reserves than existed a year ago. Maize stocks, indeed, have in-

creased, but this is more than balanced by the decrease in barley and oats. London now quotes barley at an average price of 31s. 9d., and oats at 19s. 5d. per qr. These are terms at which the grower can make profit; it is only wheat which, at a yearly average of 29s. 10d. per qr., remains a thoroughly unprofitable crop.

**BETWEEN THE FORTH AND THE HUMBER** stretches a large agricultural district, from which it is pleasant to hear satisfactory news. The weather since the end of August has been in the main fine—September and November especially so. The frosts, to date, have been much fewer than usual. Farm-work is universally forward; stock are thriving; keep is plentiful; and the cattle-markets quote good terms. The best indication of the strengthening belief that the depression of the last ten years is at length about to give place to better times is the more ready inquiry for unfarm lands. To sheep farmers, 1889 has proved a year of sound profit, lambs having been as numerous as in 1888, while fetching an advance of 5s. a-head. Ewes have been 2s. 6d. dearer on the average. Breeders of cattle have also done well; and, though cereal farmers are complaining of wheat prices, barley is 2s. and oats 1s. higher than a year ago.

**THE DAIRY INTEREST**, although neglected by the Royal Agricultural Society of England to such an extent that a separate Society had to be established, is very fairly treated by the Government. The money spent on agricultural education by the State is small as a total, but half of it goes to instruction in dairying, and therefore dairy farmers fare better than many of their brethren. Dairying is in fact the one branch of agricultural education wherein good practical teaching combined with a proper exposition of principles is readily to be had. The Bath and West of England Society, the British Dairy Farmers' Association, and the Aspatia College in Cumberland, are all entitled to great praise for the thoroughness and soundness with which instruction in all the various arts of the dairy has been provided; several private enthusiasts like the Duke of Westminster, Lord Vernon, and Mr. Barham have also done much to extend information, and the means of obtaining it. The six chief dairy counties of England are now Somerset, Cheshire, Leicester, Derby, Gloucester, and Buckingham. The Eastern Counties are rich in horn and corn, but they are not famous for their butter, and they have an unpatriotic preference for imported Dutch cheese. The average number of cows kept in a dairy county varies from eight to ten to every hundred acres; as a rule each cow requires about a dozen acres. One cow to every five

inhabitants is a large proportion even for a dairy county; one to every ten is a small proportion. Milch kine are now fetching a high price, which is a good sign. The land could support far more cows than actually are kept, and capitalist landowners could hardly do a better service than in advancing their tenants money at low interest, if spent on buying stock.

**THE SMITHFIELD CLUB**, in disqualifying a number of animals on the ground that their age was not correctly stated, have put in a civil form what in reality is a very grave accusation indeed. We are therefore glad to see that Mr. Robert Turner, one of the best-known of Banffshire farmers, has published his sworn affidavit as to the age of his two steers being truly stated and of his own knowledge, and the affidavit is backed by the sworn declaration of his cattlemen. Similar steps are being taken by other exhibitors of name, and as the number of disqualifications was so large as to forbid the idea of the returns being the result of mere carelessness on the part of exhibitors, the issue raised will not improbably be fought out in a court of law. There can be little doubt that the Smithfield Club has accused, by implication, some of the most honourable of our agriculturists of a very mean fraud. It is now equally clear that the accusation cannot be substantiated. The Smithfield Club may be a very dignified body, but this is a case where the truest dignity demands a frank and unequivocal apology to the parties maligned.

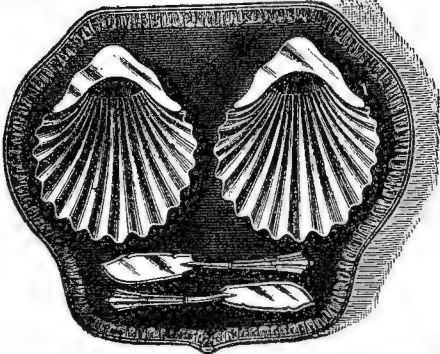
**WEEDS**, according to the botanical paper just published by Professor Wrightson, appear very often to be the poor relations of our friends "the crops." Couch is closely allied to wheat, charlock is of the same family as mustard, and black bent is constitutionally similar to some of the most valuable of pasture grasses. Wild carrot, wild spinach, and wild oats exist in England as genuine weeds, and not as degenerate descendants of neglected crops. The best way to conquer weeds is to grow those crops which gain by being well hoed first with the horse-hoe, and then by hand. Scarcely any weeds will survive this treatment, which at the same time is helping the cultivated crop.

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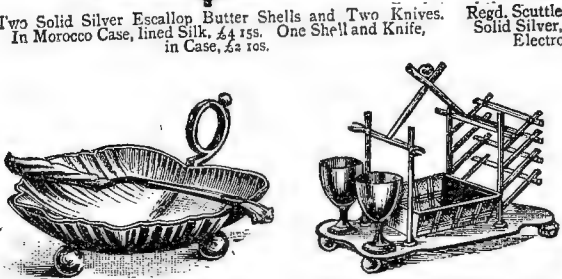
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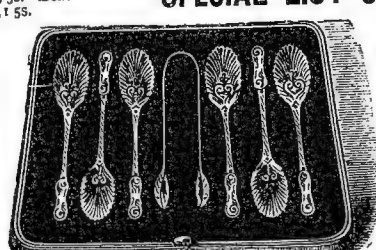
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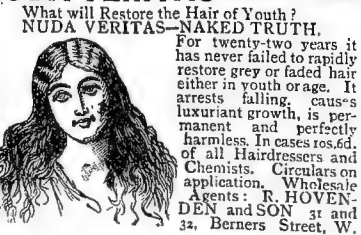


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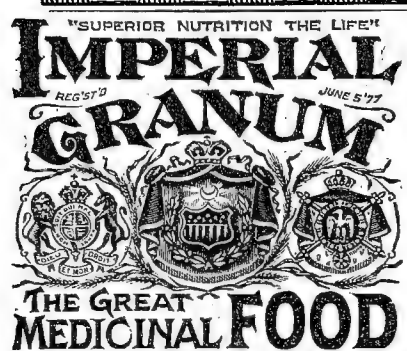
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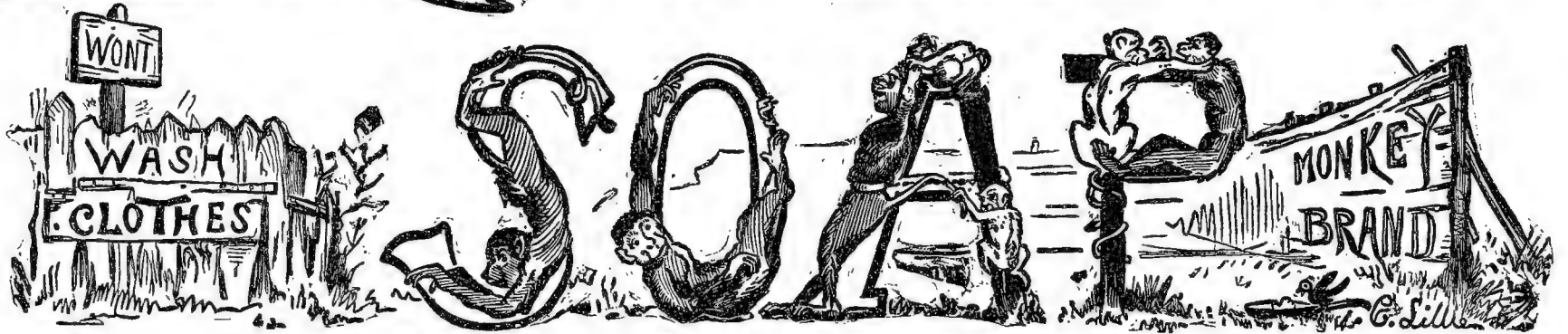
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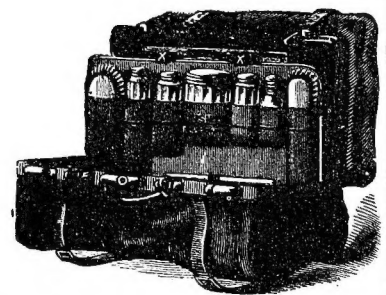
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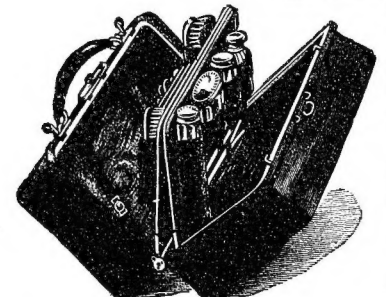
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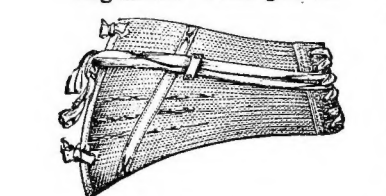


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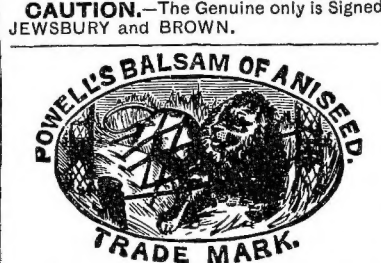
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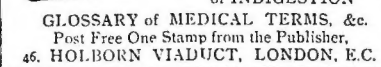
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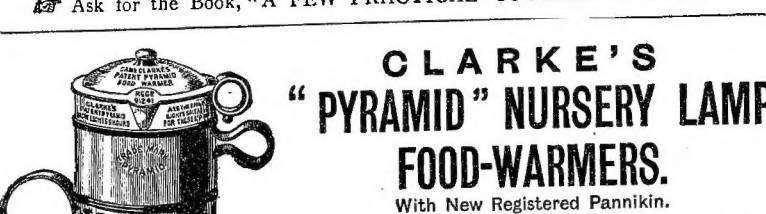
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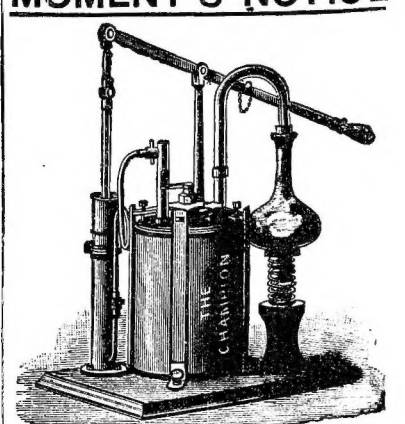
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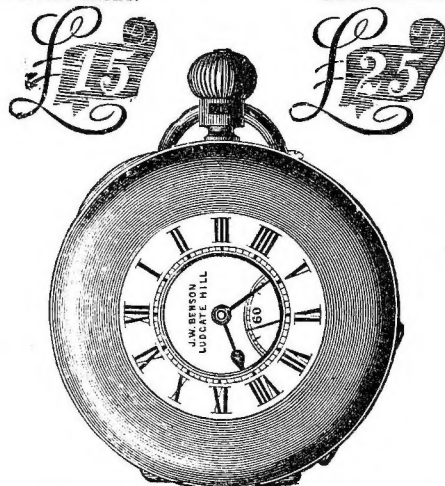
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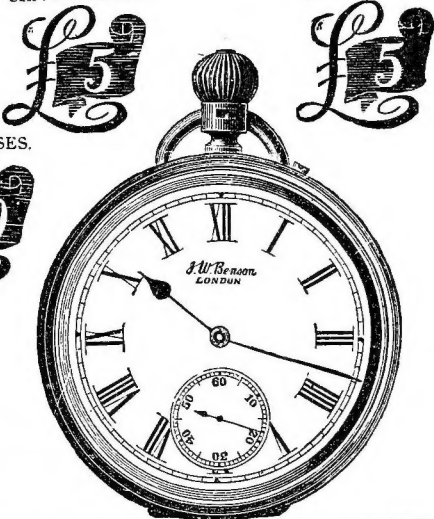
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SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,  
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S.Sc.C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, W., Dublin, REPORTS, February 15th, 1888:—

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(Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON.

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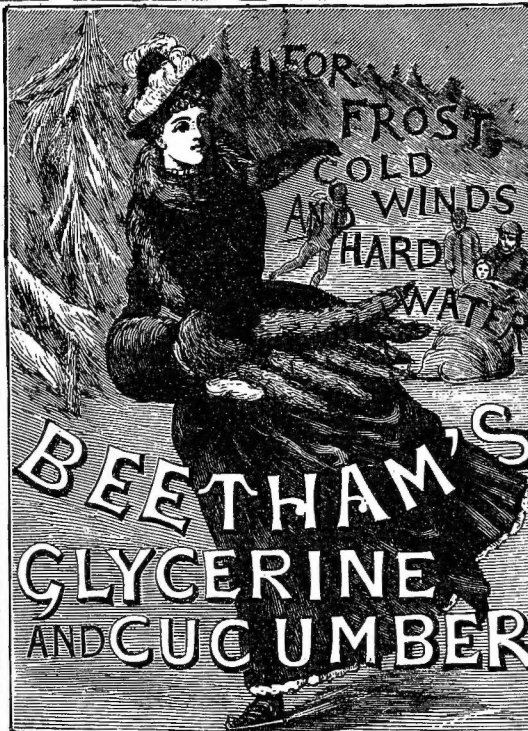
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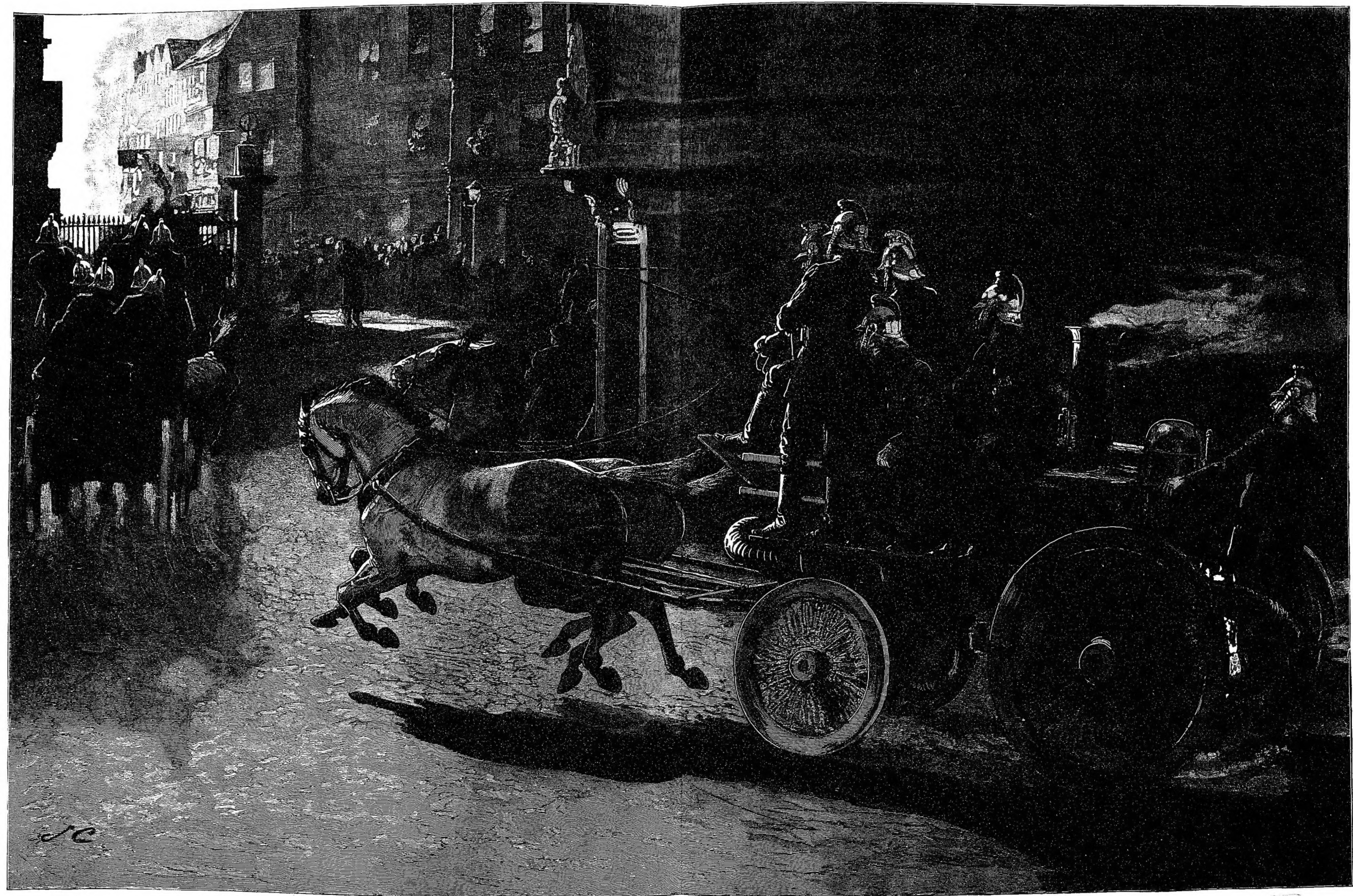
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